

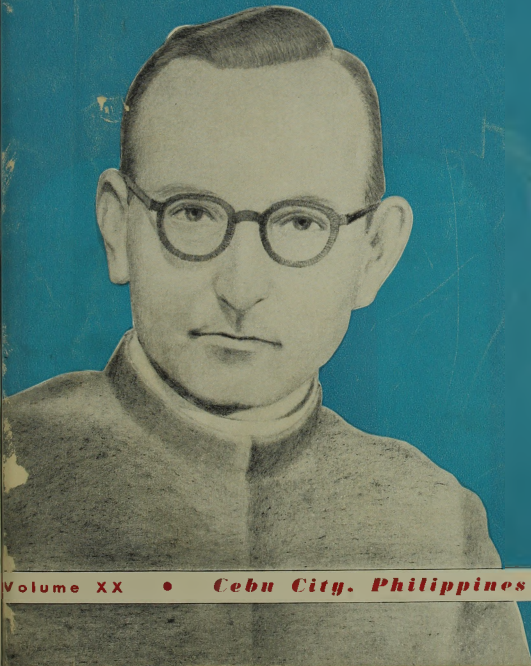
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# The Carolinian

*Official Publication of the Students  
of the University of San Carlos*

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*October Issue*

... B. Q.'s



#### THE OPENING CURTAIN

● We touch our hats to Rev. Josef Jashick, S.V.D., our cover personality for this issue. Incidentally, we are secretly patting our own backs for having come out on top of a tough assignment and we mean the interview. Before we knocked on the door of his office, we had already assessed the rather well-stacked odds against us. For one thing, as Father Procurator and Director of the Girls' High School, he is as busy as... now, if you will not take umbrage... as a one-armed paper hanger. For another, the good Father, like all dedicated soldiers of God, has little sympathy for publicity. He has been in USC for many years but has managed to shy from interviews that would have otherwise made a big splash in this magazine. And yet he has done so much for this paper that he has been aptly, if secretly, named the "guardian of *The Carolinian*."

Read the close-up of this wool-dyed, 24-karat Carolinian personality. Just to keep that Carolinian spirit allame!

#### THIS BUSINESS OF WRITING

● "How do you do it?" a friend ups and asks us how we go about setting our thoughts in print. Frankly, there's just about everything to it. When the thinking cap goes on a strike and stops working, scrounging for literary trivia is often as easy as, say, finding a needle in ten haystacks. And that's nothing yet for those who must find the "mood" which, if you are in the mood to read further, requires concentration plus. Never think about that drugstore date, Rollo, if you

want to look forward to a fruitful literary career. Nothing so exasperates a man as to sit himself down, pen in hand, only to find that his nails are a little too unclean of that he has to dash off to his barber. For when things like these occur, the train of thought starts out on an unexcused excursion. And when the vagabond idea fails to come home for supper, the next best bet is to look around and about for other things to write about, such as love, nationalism, the first long pants and... uh... a lot more. When the idea is pegged down, the thing is to start the Nobel Prize material with something of a perker-upper such as... "a man's life is a many-sided gem..." something similar to that. But then you begin to wonder if the line cannot be polished to... "a human being's existence is one priceless gem with myriads of facets." That's a better line; or, at least, it is longer. Naturally, you find that it can stand a little rehashing. And why not? So you promptly change the line to... "it is a fact undeniable and unimpeachable that a man, without regard to his station in life, possesses an existence that—" By the time you have written that long, you realize it's time for your beauty nap. And anyway, the trashcan's right beside you. At least the manuscript gets the benefit of a decent literary burial. It's all so easy, huh?

#### FOOTLOOSE AND FACULTY SPREE

● From where we lean, we note with some gladness that many of the "folks" in the faculty ranks have taken time out of USC's classrooms

for a quick sneak into the land that produced Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby. With travel grants and scholarships around, there's no telling how many more will pack off in a few days. That's the reason you see a couple of new faces for old.

#### PERSONALIA

● NGR (Napoleon G. Rama to freshmen and sophomores) is out there, too, mixing it out in printer's ink with the best in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. Sort of a copping off for the splendid editorship of this paper some years ago. If you wonder why Mr. F. T. Uy has a big horde of clients asking for more snaps, wonder no more. Friend of mine says a lot of students "pity Uy." Ross Escobar did himself one better when he got listed among the physical education girls. Tom Echivarre and Nene Ranudo, home from the bar, are on the inside pages. So is Vicente "Herbie" Lim. Speechless with gratitude is Crescencio Tajada, a Law student who underwent a major operation and won out. His thanks go to Father Rector Herman Kon-dring, S.V.D., and Law Dean Fulvio C. Pelaez for the invaluable help extended him and also to all Carolinians who prayed for his speedy recovery.

#### CURTAIN DOWN

● We had our hands full of contributions for this issue and it was tough deciding which article to send to the CTS printmen. If this kind of enthusiasm goes on, we'll be ready for the next number sooner than later.

You may now proceed to the next page.



VOL. XX No. 2

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## Anything You Say...

### ENTER "THE OTHER WOMAN"

Dear Mr. B. Q.,

Been eagerly following the plight of Narciso Bacur... with pity and chagrin, with mounting interest and enthusiasm... It was... while re-reading the *Trio* to a close friend that an idea suddenly flashed into my mind: Helynn's ego has soared to heights unknown (just like any woman's!) with the kind of attention that these two men are giving her... What would she feel and do upon the appearance of a potential rival? How would such (event) affect Bacur? And eager Tibur.

Here's another angle for your triangle!

Yours sincerely,  
E.L.H.

● You're in, Miss ELH, whatever those initials stand for.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is not every day that a drama of personal risk is seen on the court. The game last played by the University basketball team has shown to the public that our players are possessed of more than just courtwardry; that personal sacrifices are made even in the face of impending defeat. For such personal risk against possible bodily injury, with determination showing on his face, I gladly give my small voice of praise to Mr. Isidoro Cañizares and thank him for the fine showing he made during the crucial game with CIT.

Ed Rosello

● I've seen the game, too, and I have nothing but admiration for Mr. Cañizares.

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# Anything You Say

## INVITATION

(Editor's Note: This is a rejoinder to Angelina Labraccy's, "My Lovely Innocence" (Carolinian, August 1956)

In life... in laughter  
in pain... in death...

Let me walk with you,

For I can tell you

the thoughts of a little dove

the meaning of unspoken words

of a love born

between unguarded glances

or of a feeling, real, tangible and big

of loneliness swathed in smiles of pain

the reason for a million

other "pleas's."

And I can tell you

for instance, of

a small world

the deep sea

that salts

a million different shores

or of a melody plucked

from the silence of night

to monumentalize the memory of one

so near in dreams

so far in reality.

Do not explain

the meaning of life

laughter... pain... or death,

Just walk with me.

Claudio C. Ampalayo  
Commerce '56

## ELECTION POST-MORTEM?

Dear Editor:

We have entrusted the reins of our Liberal Arts Students Council to the hands of students whom we believe to be the best leaders in the whole Arts and Sciences Departments... leaders to whom we gave our faith and confidence because of their fine personality and excellent scholastic records.

The first semester is about to end and so far very little has been accomplished.

Will these officers live up to the many promises they made before elections?

Gregorio R. Andres

• Mr. Abella, the President of the LA Students Council, should answer the question.

## Cover Feature

by BUDDY QUITORIO

Seeing him turning every which way, answering questions and doing a lot of paper work, we could not quite contain our surprise at the man's quiet competence, so we popped a question... our gambit to the interview.

"Father," we asked, "how do you like your job as University Procurator?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed in a deep rich voice, his right hand making a broad sweep across the table. "nobody likes this job."

His answer did not in the least surprise us but we thought it was spoken to achieve a flippant note in what we had feared to be a very difficult interview.

"Then, Father," we said more or less edgewise, "how explain your efficiency?"

"I do not think I am efficient. I am not. And certainly, I could do better as Procurator were the Directorship of the Girls' High School not another full-time job."

It was Father Josef Jashick, S.V.D., explaining to us what went with his key positions in the scheme of University affairs. The interview was irregularly conducted, not because we had wanted it that way but because it couldn't have been helped. We had to put

up with several interruptions during the brief meeting. At one time, he had to say a lengthy line to the shop foreman on the bill of materials which the latter presented; at another point of the interview, he was closeted with Father Hoerdemann, S.V.D., and their talk drifted to a university project. The interruptions were in themselves sufficient indi-

## THE Q

cations of the nature of his job but Father Jashick was gracious enough to go along and help us get a few facts.

"It's a long, long story," he said about how it felt to be among the oldest Carolinians, "and to put it down in a couple of sentences is impossible. Naturally, San Carlos has cultivated in me



(it was then exclusively for boys) brought about a spirit of oneness among the boys. Those were the times when the "Carolinian spirit" was a force to reckon with, when it was not only a force but a badge that was an article of pride.

Father Josef typifies the old spirit that was the mark of pre-war San Carlos. He is a serious worker but he is not above common in formality. He goes about his work with all the grit and the talent that he can turn to account; yet, we have not infrequently seen him whistling softly to himself, immensely enjoying a task to others would appear infinitely drab. His humility is certainly one of his greatest hallmarks. For although he does not want to be identified with the

on what he has accomplished here because his is not the kind of work that can be particularly singled out for the merits it bears. Only so much can be said of him, it is true, for the reason that he is the silent worker who finds his place behind the scenes. And that is why we have called him here "The Great Anonymous."

This tall, be-spectacled man of God who spent the first eight years of his school life in the public elementary schools of Upper Silicia, was born in Leobschutz, East Germany (now belonging to Poland). He finished his studies in Philosophy and Theology at St. Gabriel's (Vienna). From 1939 to 1941, he took up higher studies in Math & Physics at UST and came to San Carlos. His various assignments have brought him to

# RE AT ANONYMOUS

an attachment to it which I shall always feel even if, as happens to all missionaries, I shall be called to another assignment."

However, much he tried to be indifferent during the interview, when he talked about the "Old San Carlos," he betrayed a hint of nostalgia. He recalled how the atmosphere of the old Colegio

progress that San Carlos has made, anybody with, we are compelled to say, half an eye will know how much he has contributed to USC's rise. The renovation of the Girls' High School and its unceasing improvement derives from the same flow of personality that actuates him.

It is difficult to put our fingers

the St. William's College in Laoag, Ilocos Norte, and to the Dumanjug Branch of this University.

But as Father Jashick says, "When I left San Carlos for those places, I felt as never before that San Carlos was my home. And I can say again and again that San Carlos is the best place to come home to."



# ALBERTUS MAGNUS

by

Rev. Michael Richartz, S.V.D.

# Teach And C

**S**AINST ALBERT THE GREAT, scientist, philosopher, and theologian, was born about 1206 and died at Cologne on November 15, 1280. He is called "the Great", and "Doctor Universalis" (Universal Doctor), in recognition of his extraordinary genius and extensive knowledge. It may be justified to call him the teacher of his time, but how could he be our teacher? The Middle Ages did not even have Elementary Schools in the modern sense. Attendance at school was not compulsory and there was not even a body of teachers who devoted themselves exclusively to primary education. We may understand that there was in general no claim to education in our sense, because there was then no need of it in the struggle for existence. The modes of life were considerably simpler than today. Almost the entire population subsisted on

farming, a tiny fraction on trade. This purely material viewpoint was closely bound up with the common idea that knowledge alone does not bring happiness. Much greater value was put on the education which corresponds to the natural and the divine law and which was entrusted to the parents and the priests.

When however a certain profession required a special training, the Middle Ages used to establish the institutions needed for that purpose, for instance, the guilds with their strict organization and their stringent rules of professional training. The same must be said of the academic professions which cried out for the establishment of schools. During the Middle Ages all school affairs were ruled and carried through by the Church. Her burden was the organization and support of elementary and higher schools,

and of many universities.

Although the Middle Ages had not as many institutions of higher learning as our modern world, there existed a great preference before our age. The road to higher education was open to every qualified young man. The Church at that time had the power and the means to render feasible the studies of capable men. We do not go too far when we say that in the Middle Ages most scholars made their studies at the Church's expenses.

At the beginning of the 13th century, when our saint was still a child, the two great religious orders of the Dominicans (1215) and the Franciscans (1209) came into existence. And very soon we find their members as students and masters at the prominent University of Paris and at the flourishing University of Oxford in England. Eminent among the sons of St. Francis were the Englishman Alexander of Hales (died 1245), the

founder of the Franciscan school; his countryman, the critical Roger Bacon (died about 1295); the greatest theologian of the Franciscan Order, the Italian Bonaventure (1221-74); and Duns Scots (died 1308), head of the Franciscan school. Contemporary with the Franciscan Alexander of Hales, there labored our saint, the Dominican Albert the Great.

#### St. Albert's Career

Albert, eldest son of the Count of Bollstadt, was born at Lauingen, Swabia. Nothing certain is known of his primary education. As a youth he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Padua was famous for its culture.

of the liberal arts, for which the young Swabian had a special predilection. In the year 1223 he joined the Order of St. Dominic, being attracted by the preaching of Blessed Jordan of Saxony, second Master General of the Order. After completing his studies he taught theology at different places in Germany. In 1245 he received the Doctor's degree at the University of Paris, which at that time was the center of theological study. In 1248 Albert was appointed Regent of the new Studium Generale of Cologne. In 1254 he was elected Provincial of his Order in Germany which office he resigned in 1257 in order to devote himself to study and teaching. In the year 1260 he was appointed Bishop of Ratisbon. Albert governed the diocese until 1262, when, upon the acceptance of his resignation, he voluntarily resumed the duties of a professor in the Studium at Cologne. Some time after 1278, in which year he drew up his testament, he suffered a lapse of memory; his strong mind gradually became clouded; his body sank under the weight of years.

On a Friday, November 15, 1280, he rendered his soul to His Creator

Thus acted Christ; thus worked His apostles, St. Paul in the first place. Paul will be all to all as Christ. And as Paul were Augustine, Dominic, Francis of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, Ignatius of Loyola, Francis de Sales, Don Bosco. As Paul, Albertus Magnus analyzed the problems of his time and tried to master them.

There were many problems which puzzled his contemporaries. The political affairs were characterized by the struggle between imperial power and individual states. Different economic-social prospects brought dissension between sovereigns and the aspiring cities. The cultural aspect was biased; either there was a radical refusal of philosophical tendencies or an over-estimating of them.

In ecclesiastical circles the conflict of opinions was inflamed between traditional customs and quite too radical reformatory efforts. Albert got entangled in all these struggles. Twice he was called to judge in political affairs. He observed the golden mean in his sentences.\* The golden mean also was his motto in mastering philosophical controversies.

In the time before Albert, the

## Albertus Magnus and Experimental Sciences (A COMPILATION)

**A**LBERT THE GREAT set out a theory of experimental science, in a commentary on Aristotle's "Posterior Analytics", which he put into practice in a series of studies written in the form of commentaries on Aristotle and other authors. He was the greatest student of Aristotle up to his time. In the course of his commentaries he described a large number of highly intelligent personal observations and used them to test the different theories advanced as explanations.

Natural science, according to Albertus, is not simply a description of facts, but an inquiry into causes. Since a given effect might have more than one possible cause, in natural sciences it is necessary to test theories by experiment.

Albertus' Neoplatonism predisposed him to value mathematics as a means of explaining the world of experience, though he was not himself a mathematical cast of mind. He excelled rather in the observational and experimental sciences. In his discussion of comets, Albertus made use of simple observations to verify or prove false the various theories that had been put forward to explain them. Thus he showed how the occurrence of the tides was correlated with the movements of the moon round its deferent. His treatment of heat was an attempt to understand the nature of the heat of the sun. Albertus' investigation of the form and colors of the rainbow was the first of four studies of this phenomenon. His treatment consisted largely of an elaboration and modification of Grosseteste's theory by means of simple experiments.

Meyer writes in *Geschichte der Botanik*: "No botanist who lived before Albert can be compared with him, . . . and after him none has painted nature in such living colors, or studied it so profoundly, until the time of Conrad, Gesner, and Cesalpini. All honor, then, to the man who made such astonishing progress in the science of nature as to find no one, I will not say to surpass, but even to equal him for the space of three centuries."

Albertus' works were published in 21 folio volumes by Jammy at Lyons in 1651, and reprinted in 36 volumes by Borguet (Paris, 1890).

# er of His Time ur Teacher

and Lord. In 1484, he was beatified and since then his feast is celebrated on Nov. 15. When he was raised to sainthood on December 16, 1931, Pope Pius XI declared him a Doctor of the Church.

### St. Albert the Great—Teacher of His Time

Every profound thinker strives to understand the problems of his time and to come to an agreement with them. Those who remain untouched by the problems may feel happy. It is, however, more perfect to see the problems and to reflect on them; to acknowledge the good ones and to help in gaining their victory; on the other hand, to reject the false ones and to seek their destruction.

Christian world was overscrupulously intent to avoid the penetration of the secular spirit into the Christian culture. All that did not spring from the supernatural revelation was looked at as secular spirit. Albert, however, saw the evolution of the natural mode of living and he knew that it could not be stopped. This acknowledgment led him to an extensive study of the natural world rather than to a complete refusal. Rev. D. J. Kennedy writes in *The Catholic Encyclopedia* about Albertus Magnus: "It is remarkable that this friar of

(Continued on page 31)

\* By the golden mean he was able in a desperate situation to work out a treaty of peace and to make it effective.

# THE PRAGMATIC NOTION

THE AMERICAN philosophy of pragmatism is an offspring of positivistic sciences. The pragmatists take pride in their system as one that is able to explain the deeper problems of existence, namely: man, the universe, life. Explained biologically, man is just an animal evolved from a lower form. His present appearance is considered the peak of evolution, the result of adjustments and adaptations in his continuous struggle for survival. This article aims to deal mainly with the broad aspect of the problem of man.

Following the acclamations which attended the publication of Darwin's "Origin of the Species", the positivist inquirers who, from the rank of experimental scientists jumped into becoming the all-knowing philosophers, proclaimed that the argument that the universe is a design of a Supreme Designer, has been cut down from under by the theory of evolution. Darwinism revolutionized the traditional concept of man and tagged him with a new label; an animal superior only in degree to the other organisms, a product of nature, is one with nature, whose life is to live. His mind was not something he possessed right at the moment of his birth and capable of realizing its potentialities in maturity. The mind of man was something that arrived, that happened to him in the course of his interactions with his environment and resulted from his responses to certain ill-known strains and tensions within the body. Mind becomes the result rather than the cause of man's acts.<sup>1</sup>

Now, granting that man is just a lower animal that has evolved to his present higher form, let us ask a few questions. Before that lower animal started to evolve, what was it? Monkey is the most plausible, morphologically. Whatever it must have been actually, let us just think of any apelike creature. Before it evolved where did it come from? What made it? Who placed it there or somewhere? Majority of the evolutionists explained that the monkey appeared by chance. Now, if the beginning of everything happened by mere chance, how is it that we can observe certain regular patterns in the universe? The rising and setting of the sun, the rotation of the earth on a fixed orbit, the regularity of the periods of the moon, the rise and ebb of oceans. All these point definitely to a system of arrangements and design. But the denial of design is precisely the contention of the evolutionist. Now, whatever manifests arrangement and design can never be the product of chance. It is clear that the argument from chance is untenable. Besides, nothing can be produced from nothing. If the evolutionist denies chance, he must implicitly admit a series of causes and effects. This principle ends in an uncaused cause, God. To admit the latter, is to accept the falsity of man's animal ancestry.

True philosophy seeks the sufficient reason and the ultimate cause of man. The theory of evolution as the biological basis of the American philosophy of pragmatism to explain the origin of man, does not explain his sufficient reason and ultimate cause. In a limited sense, it is but

the reason available as gathered and presented by thinkers who suffered from the shortness of their reasoning powers. The evolutionists maintain, and it is their basic doctrine, that man is the peak of evolution or, that he has reached the peak of his own evolution. If a peak can be reached, then the so-called evolution was but a static. Evolution is of a cycloid nature, continuous. Even granting that this evolution has been stopped, or has stopped, what made it stop? Why does it stop? What proof is there to show it has stopped? But then the evolutionist would run to his last point of escape. He can say that actually the peak of evolution is only temporary and this evolution will still go on. If so, then it is possible that a million years hence, man may not be any longer the superior animal on earth. If he that, still retains his superiority, the evolutionary possibility is in the future, he will look like something else. The evolutionists must admit either one, or the whole theory of evolution will be turned to pieces by itself. Thus, we may observe:

We fear, by the inexorable logic of evolution, that if our present form is the best possible, and that we are still in the process of evolution, we will someday reassume our previous lower crude form. Our awareness of this possibility, if we are evolutionists, may be the reason why we look at monkeys as the ugliest of all animals. We despair over the thought that these smooth faces of ours will someday change into hideous, hairy ones. The possibility of man's multi-directional deformation or reformation in succeeding

<sup>1</sup> General Introduction, *Classic American Philosophers*, pp. 20-21.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



• Ben Carredo earned his Bachelor of Arts degree, major in Philosophy from U.S.C. in 1953, a pioneer in the philosophy course. He has been an active newspaperman since he first enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences in 1949 and is at present Correspondent of the Manila Daily Bulletin and Director of the Cebu Press Club. He returned to San Carlos last June and enrolled for a Master's degree in Philosophy. He is the press relations officer of the Graduate School Club, and is executive secretary of one of the city's active civic organizations.



# OF MAN

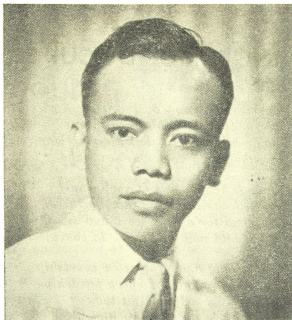
ing years has multiplied the problem of man out of the solution offered by the theory of evolution.

Yet, we may delight in the assumption that the evolution has stopped. Then we need no longer fear of reacquiring the bulky physique of an ape. But granting that

by Benjamin L. Carredo

there has been such evolution, can we definitely prove that it has stopped? Certainly, we cannot. But we can only suppose. If the cessation of the so-called evolutionary process can be supposed, then there is every reason to assume that the beginning of the evolution was but a supposition. Consequently, out of these suppositions we can further suppose man had never been and will never be a monkey just as he is not today. And this is the explanation for our delight. But no; while we can point out the untenability of the supposition (the theory of evolution) by using another supposition, let us not think that man's non-animal origin can be deduced only by supposition. The verity of man's supernatural beginning transcends all suppositions. It is a historical fact, the essence of rational faith, vindicated by centuries of studies and scholarship. The evolutionists must explain why some of the monkeys have not evolved and are still monkeys since evolution presumes that at a given time, the monkeys of the six continents started to evolve and stopped evolving at a certain time.

And now we must choose our ancestry: Whether man was created by God in the likeness of His own image with the gift of intellect and will and destined for a supernatural life with Him; or, he developed from a monkey until he acquired his present manlike figure. The first is faith that is not blind nor colored by beautiful sentimentalism but one built up by the natural light of human reason and established historical facts. The other is fiction based



The Author

on facts built up not by evolution but by other sources. This view will have ardent defenders and propagators in men with a shorter range of reasoning power and who are helplessly ignorant of what the object of a true philosophy is. Invoking our concepts to condemn the theory of evolution is not necessary. Evolution is rejected by its own absurdities, by the multiplication of problems out of what it offered as a solution. Our Christian concepts are so noble and encompassing that it need not stoop down to silence the enthusiasm of the rabble-rousing mischiefs of the evolutionists. As to the variety of attitudes on the true nature of man, I quote the Serbian essayist, Ljudevit Vuleicevic:<sup>2</sup>

"I noticed a resemblance between genius and simple minds: it is to them that truth is revealed: the former attain it by the strength of their mind, the latter by their heart and love. Mediocre men are no men."

Pragmatism concerns itself with the practical, verifiable and social aspects of existence. To them, only that which is useful is to be considered true. It denies any higher and absolute standard. It acknowledges its dependence upon the empirical methods of science and utilizes its discovered data to solve the problems of material things... the physical and sensible. It is a philosophic system in the physical or na-

tural order. It is ignorant of the fact that aside from the physical order, there is the rational order and the moral order, interrelating with one another and yet, the law of one order is supreme in its own sphere. Because of the thoroughness of the sciences in explaining the measurability and observability of material things, pragmatism dares also to apply scientific facts and data to solve the problems of the rational and moral orders. It proposes to antiquate, if not demolish, the immutability of the moral law and reduce morals into something that results from the ways and manners of man. Instead of a human act proceeding from and conforming to an eternal and unchanging moral law, morality is made the product of man. Man may breach the moral law, then moralize the act. In contrast, man's first parents by their vanity wanted to be in the same highest level with God. But their pragmatist offspring want the laws of God to relax and lower down to suit their whims. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen writes:<sup>3</sup>

Pragmatism begins with, as Goethe put it, "in the beginning was the Deed." First you act, then you rationalize; first you do something, then you justify it; first you create a practice, then you legalize it... When each man is his own determinant right and wrong, and goodness is identified with what is useful to one, there is bound to be conflict between one ego and another."

<sup>2</sup>The World's Best Essays, Edited by F. H. Pritchard, p. 792.

<sup>3</sup>Monthly Daily Bulletin, Sept. 8, 1956, p. 20.

# Narciso Bacur's APOLOGY

*narciso's attempt on the life  
of sweet helynn, his future wife  
made him suspect that his marriage  
was bound to have a miscarriage*

*though helynn wasn't really hurt  
when he tried to win her by threat  
he knew for all his tears and sweat  
she would now be harder to court*

*in his long and protracted courtship  
he had encountered every hardship  
apart from helynn's attitude  
and tibur's gross ingratitude*

*what he needed was a new tactic  
something novel, also didactic  
for if she wasn't cowed by force  
he had to choose a better course*

*he tried despising tiburcio  
who got a flat "5" in socio  
he had tried calling him bad names  
in the cca a ball games*

*these did not do him any good  
his chances even got much worse  
since helynn was not in the mood  
nothing could move her, none of course*

*narciso wailed: oh gods of love  
you mighty being up above  
help me stop this agony  
please hasten my matrimony!*

*emboldened, from his cot he rose  
with (censored) dripping from his nose  
he wiped the teardrops from his eyes  
so he would look a little nice*

*he went up helynn's boarding house  
as careful he was as a mouse  
when he saw helynn on the seat reclining  
he knew it was time for apologizing*

*helynn, my life, my love, my all  
lend me your eyes, your ears and all  
please understand, i realize  
that i must now apologize*

*i have committed many crimes  
which i have done so many times  
but all these you must understand  
were with a view to win your hand*

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*i know i've wronged you, helynn dear  
you can tear me from ear to ear  
but i must tell you from my heart  
from you i'll never, never part*

*you mean so much to me, my helynn  
you are to me both earth and heaven  
if i could only be forgiven  
i'll change my ways, i promise, helynn*

*from helynn there was no response  
in a blanket she was ensconced  
and when she made a little shiver  
narciso knew she had a fever*

*right there his chivalry took over  
he moved near her like a true lover  
he wanted her rid of her fever  
and all thoughts of tibur forever*

*so she could breathe with better ease  
he took the blanket from her face  
but what he saw filled him with fright  
so he ran out with all his might*

*narciso committed an error  
that had him shivering with horror  
and if you haven't guessed already  
the ailing dame was the LANDLADY!!!*

— bq

Dear Narciso Bacur:  
With joy I read your "Ultimatum"  
The bliss I feel no one can fathom  
You see... (and am I blushing now!)  
I wish you could be mine somehow.

I used to watch you from afar  
Anxiously eyeing your affair  
A secret dread my life did mar  
That Helynn loved you was my fear.

## DEBUT: Helen of Mabilog

My hopes soared high each time  
I read  
Fair Helynn's heart was hard as  
stone,

For as you are my life's lone Bread  
I want you to be mine alone!

Your failure last I view with glee,  
Perchance your eyes may turn to  
me!

To triumph now have I much reason  
My hopes and joys are now in  
season.

Narciso, dear, don't stand agape,  
Much less behave there like an ape!  
This is too sudden, I admit  
And sounds unorthodox a bit.

But all I feel can't be suppressed  
I must perform have them  
expressed;

My love for you is potent poison  
Which I must pour sans rime and  
reason.

Your ways have my heart  
magnetized  
My mind you've blindly victimized,  
Your bashfulness I most adore  
Your lankiness I love the more!

Your pallid lips, your sunken eyes  
Evoke in me incessant sighs  
Your bony frame, hiccups and all,  
Makes you the more desirable.

(Continued on page 35)

## Tiburcio's DREAM Melbourne

Dearest Helynn,

*It pains my corns and athlete's foot to write this letter. I must admit that it is difficult for me to confess that the most important turn in my life, as a well-known basketball hotshot, has come. I must avail of the gate receipts... er, the benefits that go with my acceptance of the challenge even if I must leave you, willy-nilly. My problem, if you will allow me to play rough, I mean, to be blunt, is this: The try-outs of basketball aspirants to the Melbourne Olympics has caught up with me. I have to go with the team on its exhibition tours over the country even if I am certain of a berth in that fabulous aggragation of basketball stars. This opportunity, my dearest, I cannot refuse... or even try to. It means so much to me and probably to you. All my glorious years in the basketball world face a supreme test in the try-outs. I have to make a name for myself; I must carve my own place in Hoophet's Hall of Fame. There is little doubt that I will make it. With your constant inspiration, I will jumpshot, er, scale the heights and do you proud.*

*I am writing you because I want to renew my pledge to so conduct myself as to fashion out, in the future, a happy conclusion to these, my long years of courtship. Your place in my heart awaits your coming... it is warm with loving thoughts and wishes for your continued happiness.*

*By the time this letter reaches you, I shall be again in the limelight. Wish me good luck, dearest; I shall need it.*

*And please do not let Narciso Bacur's treachery ever touch you, my dearest.*

Always in love,  
Tibbie

P.S.: I am reproducing verbatim the urgent wire I received this morning from our Coach...

TIBURCIO

CONGRATS KUDOS KID STOP REPORT  
RUSH RUN TO BASKETBALL GYM TODAY  
WITH ADMISSION TICKETS STOP UR AP-  
POINTMENTS GATEKEEPER OK

COACH ODI

## THE COMING OF

# R A I N

by

JOAQUIN MURILLO

THERE was a shower late in the afternoon. The rain started the morning of that day. Thunder roared like an angry lion and the enveloping fog crept through the small cogon huts that looked like brown mushrooms in the distance. It crept through tall grasses, trees and through the hills beyond the wide, green airstrip. The airstrip was about five kilometers from the heart of the town but despite the weather and the distance, people were there. Patiently waiting under the rain. Waiting for the arrival of someone close to their hearts.

The plane taxied along the runway and stopped just in front of the people whose faces wore the mask of anxiety. The door of the plane opened and two men emerged bearing a stretcher. A thin woman, two nurses and a doctor followed them towards a waiting ambulance which was parked a few yards away from the plane.

The ambulance roared and started towards the town. At first it moved slowly. Then it began to gain speed and it went faster and faster, till it was lost in the fog.



## Illustrated by A. D. CABAILO

"Manoy, what were those two persons carrying?" Lilia, a five-year-old girl, asked her big brother Romy.

"A stretcher," he answered in a low voice.

"And who was in the stretcher?"

He did not answer her. There was a lump in his throat. He was silent.

"Please Manoy Romy, tell me."

He ignored her. His thoughts were turned to the figure on the stretcher. Virginia. His love.

They had been sweethearts for four years. They were engaged when they were juniors in the high school. He was seventeen then and she was sixteen. They were two souls madly in love.

He used to carry her books to school. During vacant periods they used to go to Tiya Minay's *sari-sari* store to sip cokes and eat rice cakes. They were always together when they attended jam sessions. Sometimes they would go to the banks of the Sawaga river, where they would catch butterflies and moths for their specimens in biology. On Saturdays, with their classmates, they rode bikes to the outskirts of the town.

After graduation from the high school, Romy took up civil engineering in Manila. Virginia took up the normal course in their town. After two years, Virginia was given a teaching assignment in the elementary school of the town. Without finishing the year as a teacher, she got the disease.

Sometimes life is that cruel. Five months before, when she celebrated her twentieth birthday, she was healthy and happy. She was full of life and was a lovely sight to look at. She had many admirers. There was Dr. Tupas, a young dentist. There was Lt. Perez, a soldier and a gentleman. Men of different stations tried to win her.

Men from good families. Students and professionals. But her heart belonged to one.

After those five happy months, everything changed. Now she was home, perhaps to die. Doctors in Manila said that hers was a hopeless case. Acute cancer of the bones! Yes, she was given only a few days to live. Only a miracle could save her. That was what the doctors said.

From the airport she was brought to the provincial hospital. Friends and relatives followed her there, said hello, showed their sympathy and some women visitors cried.

Evening came. It was a cold evening without stars.

Virginia was placed in one of the pay wards. She was motionless on her bed. Every once in a while the doctor would examine her pulse. Her features were so changed that at first sight, even an acquaintance could not have recognized her. Her once beautiful body was now a living skeleton. Her eyes were buried deep in their sockets.

Suddenly, a man in khaki pants and brown jacket entered the room. He was tall and strong and had a serious yet handsome face. Sadness was clearly etched on his face.

Everybody in the room stared at him. He could not look straight into their eyes.

"Romy is here," Virginia's mother whispered to her.

She was silent. Her eyes were fixed on the new visitor.

The tall figure came nearer and nearer. When he was about two meters from the bed he stopped. They stared at each other for a minute that, to them, was an eternity.

"Virginia!" he said half-crying. "I cannot believe it. No, no, it cannot happen to you."

She was silent. He was now holding her hands.

"You cannot leave me now, Virginia. You must stay. Here, near me... where you belong. Do you hear me, Virginia?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks. The words were soft but somewhat harsh when she said:

"It would hurt me to leave you, Romy. More than you'll ever realize. But I have to go and I'm happy because I am prepared for my departure. The priest was here and I was able to have my confession and communion."

"I want you to live! This is no time for those things. You mustn't give up what we have so tenderly built. Our love must not end here and now. It has a right live... just as you have every reason to."

"Romy, please think. Be sensible. Everyone has to go to the Master. My time has come and I want you to pray for me. Pray that I will have the courage to face the Judge."

"What else would you like me to do?"

"Romy, please always be good. Continue your studies by hard work and prayer," her voice was now indistinguishable.

"I will. But I won't be taking engineering anymore. I will take up medicine. Instead of constructing gigantic buildings, I will help build strong and healthy bodies. I will not let Death cheat people of those they love."

Virginia was silent. She lay on bed peacefully with her lips parted in a smile. It was as though she wished to tell him there was no need for him to be angry. God would make things all right. Yes, all right for both of them.

The bell of the village church rang. It was eight o'clock. The dogs howled and a heavy rain came. §

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Funny, the telephone rings and no  
one speaks,  
I climb the stairs and no one  
calls my name behind

me,  
I pause by streets and no one  
no one walks by

Funny, candlelight holds lighted faces  
no longer, not any anymore.  
Sundays never rain, twilights  
never shower and streets, still  
and serious beneath my cane  
and shoes

Funny, nights in Singapore are but  
a lore and wine, but the  
the hem of day, but pressing  
sound of sea upon the shore.  
chords upon the familiar  
dress of melody of  
night

Funny, I see no hand-painted  
tie. No mellow wind upon  
my naked nape, no carnival  
of pop corns nor old, dirty  
ships with rusty horns.

Brown bowling alleys  
Brown bread-cakes  
Cigarettes at "Sallys"  
Soft drinks at "Jakes"  
Where are they all? Where  
have they gone to . . . does

anybody know?  
Where have they gone, too? No  
one knows . . . no one knows.

Funny, even the peso is unfamiliar and  
my pockets have grown long and  
thin. My socks need darning, my  
collar could use a little  
ironing . . . and the hole in needle  
isn't as big as it used to be at  
all.

Funny, even the clocks no longer  
tick, no longer tock . . . funny.  
I fear that I have measured  
too many streets, lighted too  
many smokes, lived too long  
in age of oro . . . never  
lend, always borrow.

Funny, I still see them hanging  
around, staring at me from  
unlighted eyelids. But they  
flee each time I turn to  
look . . .  
they have lost the sound  
of their footsteps —  
lost their nearness, too,  
lost their voices somehow.

Funny, I see them so clearly . . . I  
see them, but, but where are  
they? Where have they gone  
too . . . funny.

*by Vicente Kanudo, Jr.*

# FROM PAGE 87

In the cathedral silence of Night,  
it came:

—not of a maudlin whisper inspiring  
biologically lazy nerves;  
—not in a befuddled breath bestirring  
sleeping languages with icy verbs . . .

He the skull-headed, the hairless nightmare, the  
laughing thing whose province, they used to say,  
was blue ruin and black destruction — he was  
not even there. Faceless Charon is only a mere  
fiction of the brain.

There were no apples — whether of Adam's or of  
Edison's — only bulbs of broken-hearted stars.  
There were no probing fingers, no fingers of hairy-  
scary fame, no claws nor blade-sharp nails, or wiry

*by T. L. Echarre*

thumbs of dead flesh . . . or even ignorant palms:  
those that know not of Reason's strength, those that  
know not of unbeatable, unbreakable and merciless  
dialectics. The somber squeeze knows no Thomas of  
Kempis.

(A morbid mind can not even produce a morbid thought  
about the morbid thing that I felt and — saw?  
Not even my own way of looking at things ghoul,  
not even my own style of dressing an object or thinking  
with the grey little cells — not even my tireless  
pen could recreate a line from the thousands I felt  
and composed.)

Before the altar of Night,  
it came:

—Silent as the metabolic processes of Life,  
deep as prayer, earnest as the systole and  
diastole of the heart, punctual as true love;  
—it came, it came to me as friend.

Illustrated by  
A. D. CABALO

# Lost Tomorrow

by ELSIE JANE VELOSQ

I dread the dawn  
for another day must be waited on —  
while shapeless forms  
of never-stopping days  
flow on and on  
To blind the night with the violence of light.

You bound me  
to a lonely hope —  
letting me float  
in a gauzy dream;  
but now you're here.  
Yet your nearness is a distant reality.

Oh, Apollo, why have you changed  
why come at all  
to break the waiting heart  
you filled with dreams  
Why come and drop hints of goodbye?  
... but  
if  
you  
must leave ...

Leave me now  
while tears are far  
while love is still a rosebud  
and pain still a future knife ...  
Go ... play among the stars  
where love is written  
in a million light.  
or bathe your pride  
Where no scheming L'oreleis abide.

Leave me now  
with a dying faith  
to prepare my heart  
for another lonely sun ...  
Or, silence this heart  
with the finality of death ...  
And  
let  
me  
forget — the Dawn.

# Dies Prae, Dies Illa

by ABE TUHBO

in my eager search for you  
i entered the cold nostalgia of the cave  
and climbed hills strewn with gumless teeth  
until i fell upon thorns and rocks.  
i bled ...  
and you, unmoved, poured vinegar upon  
my bleeding wounds and gall upon  
my parched lips  
i died ...  
yet you laughed from your  
ivory tower to see my burial.  
i laughed with you, yes,  
for the grain buried in the  
womb of earth is but another life.  
i can break the seal of death  
upon my tomb ... to meet you  
in lightnings and thunders on that day  
then you who fled from my voice  
who nailed my flesh  
who sung my dirge  
shall weep for you have already laughed.

# My Prayer

by ABE TUHBO

not these i ask: earth's transitory things,  
its feasts, its dance, its music and its joys;  
but for this i pray: a simple life that brings  
true contentment and peace without alloy.  
nor this i seek: earth's honor, wealth and fame  
(or arches, monuments and golden busts);  
but this i long to own: unblemished name  
and virtuous life ... free from mortal lusts.  
what dearer thing can a man hold or give  
when he the value of his soul has lost?  
teach me lord your holy ways to live  
to know that earthly things are empty hoops.  
then on that day for all my worldly loss  
give me in turn my lover on the cross!

# Until the Moment Comes

by RUFINO G. CRUZ

Maybe sometime, but give me  
time —  
Someday God will help me,  
Maybe someday — But  
If only ...  
Give me time.



## Serenade to a Loveless Soul

by ROSS ESCOBER

the fingers that plucked the emotion  
of a torn heart, left a soul desolate  
of memories, hanging on to a thread  
of sighs, that needed a song.

the melody swelled into a thousand broken hearts;  
it told of secrets shared on silent nights  
of the loved and the unloved, of longings that were  
not had, but fulfilled in the mind.

the song remained unbroken, the singers sighed,  
while fingers, eager to smite  
a hardened heart, were a fragmented train  
of hope, and joy, and despair.

## Not all of These... by DENMETRIO MAGALANG

Not all the glittering gems of a hoarded treasure  
Rotting in dismal dungeon gloom;  
Not all the thousand delights of earthly pleasure  
That vanish at the crack of doom...

Not all the fiery stars of the ethereal spire  
Searing their eyes against the blue;  
Not all the crimson flames of a sunset fire;  
Nor all the diamond drops of the glistening dew...

Not all the silver dust of a sunbeam-stream  
that streaks with glow the shadowy wood;  
Not all the harmonies of music's theme  
Translating every human mood...

Not all of these...  
Not all of these...

Can match the fire, the music, the beauty that lies  
Untainted and pure in children's innocent eyes!

## Singular

by E. M. DIOLA

i shall write no more. of summer roses  
and summer rain. of waves dimpling upon  
a shore. no more shall i write, no more.  
for you are gone who was music, life and  
laughter. whose smile was a rainbow seen  
through the mists of waterfalls. i shall  
write no more. when last i did only echoes  
came. for hate has stepped to close the  
door. of yesterdays within and tomorrows  
without. when you bade me "farewell!"  
my heart broke with every step you took.  
and i knew and i knew since then. that  
i shall never write again.

## A Rose and A Dream

by REGALADO C. DE VERA

The sea is calm,  
the waves move not,  
break not the silence of night.  
The cold breeze

breathes a tender leaves  
to transport my heart to dreams.  
And dreaming, I pluck  
a rose sprung from  
the fertility of  
memories...

I kiss the petal  
and make new heavens  
out of familiar scents.

I seek a power,  
to hold one moment  
through eternity,  
and hold the thrill  
of a rose  
resisting memory.

But... the morning breeze  
disturbs the stillness  
of my repose;  
It moves the waves  
and steals from me  
the image of my lovely rose.

## Immortal Moonlight

by JUNE CARIZARES

In my heart, pretty Annie,  
Your name is stitched  
in the golden fibers of moonlight.  
To ask me why, pretty Annie,  
Is to ask the tide — why  
It consents to rise with the moon.  
To see private miracles  
Is to speak of love.

It is jolly to assess victory  
In evanescent smiles  
And fleeting anonymous roses;  
Or to desecr defeat  
In the lonely globe of a teardrop.  
To love you  
Is to hold immortal moonlight.

Tonight, I shall disembed  
A rock from the mountain  
of my loving heart  
And place it as a beautiful  
Cairn of affection —  
at the cliff of my mind.  
I shall adorn it  
with verdant verses  
But illumine it  
with immortal moonlight.

# Life in Exchange For Life

by  
Marceline N. Maceda

THE RAIN had just stopped when our party of twelve men emerged from the thick forest at the edge of a clearing. The sun was just going down in the west. From where we stood we could see the house on the other side of the clearing. Our Mangyan guide and porters had announced our arrival to the occupants of the house by shouting and calling while we were still far. The trail leading to the dwelling went down the clearing through the steep side of the mountain sloping at a forty-five degree angle. It was a very slippery trail so that we had to utilize every available foothold. The sight of the house, however, lightened our bodies. It meant Mangyan hospitality and a good night's rest. After descending for about an hour we arrived at a spring near the dwelling. We finally were in Calpong.

Some of us (I was one of them) stopped at the water hole while the others went ahead to the house to prepare our evening meal. While we were washing ourselves, we heard a woman chanting in the house. She was praying. Since I was curious and eager to hear such prayers, I did not tarry. I went almost half-running to the house.

Outside it was growing dark and there was barely enough light at the door of the house. The interior was lighted by the five individual fireplaces of the five families living in the house. In one corner, near the entrance more to the eastern portion of the house, lay the sick Mangyan woman alternately praying and moaning. She was visibly in pain. She lay on a filthy rattan mat. She had no blanket to cover herself. Only the heat from the open fireplace near her kept out the cold evening air. Once in a while the fire died out and had to be rekindled. Ashes from the fire kept falling on her and smoke got into her eyes but she paid no attention to them for she was indeed in great pain. She was lying in the dirt, but nobody cared. The attending relatives paid more attention to

in the effort to lessen the suffering of the sick woman the other male relatives joined also in the chanting. One of them shot one hundred arrows into the forest in order to drive the evil spirits. Each arrow shot out was accompanied by a shout, instructing it to run after the evil spirits. Then all the women, relatives and non-relatives alike, joined in the prayers, but still the patient did not feel any better.

(The members of the expedition—Fr. Martin, S.V.D., our leader, Fr. Joseph Werner, S.V.D., Fr. George Koschinski, S.V.D. and the writer—were informed that the woman was in the family way and that there was a possibility that she would have a miscarriage.)

As the night grew deeper the monotonous chant continued. Several formulas and rites were tried, but still the poor woman suffered. Then the husband of the sick woman began to cry. We thought that the patient was about to die. And when finally one of the attending men shouted that the baby was born, we were relieved. Everybody was so excited that the baby was left lying in its after-birth. The mother's moaning had subsided and her husband was comforting her. Strangely enough the newly born infant made no sound. Neither did it move. So it was left alone. The motionless baby was baptized by Fr. Spang; he named it Pablo.

After a quarter of an hour, to the surprise of everybody who thought that the baby was still-born, the infant emitted a feeble cry. The father came and was happy to see that his offspring was alive, although it was emaciated. After the umbilical cord was cut, the baby was left alone again in one corner of the dirty rattan mat. Soon the baby began to cry for it was beginning to feel the cold biting evening air inside the house in spite of the five fireplaces. The members of the expedition rummaged in their packs for something to wrap up

(Continued on page 21)

WANDERING in the wilderness of Mindoro are our primitive non-Christian brothers—the Mangyans. They are brown-skinned, with snub noses and straight hair, although there are some with kinky hair. The Mangyans are still in the hunting and fishing stage. They build temporary lean-to houses. The roofs of their houses are made either of banana or palm leaves or other available materials found in the forest. They usually plant camote, cassava or rice in their *kaingia*. After several harvests, they leave their homes and look for other suitable places for settlement. Also, they abandon their homes when death occurs in one of their families. These characteristics are common among those who live in the north-

## Something Non-C

by  
Teodoro Bay

ern, that is to say in the interior, region of the Island. However, those Mangyans who live near their Christian brothers are higher in culture. Mangyan families in the lowlands have a much better way of living than those in the hinterlands. They either till the soil or trade with their Christian brothers. They gather a great amount of forest products especially rattan, which are taken to different parts of Luzon for furniture industries or used as materials for making typical Filipino homes. A very negligible number are engaged in gold mining. They have learned this occupation from their Christian brothers. They usually sell or barter their gold to Christian Filipino merchants or to some European miners who prospect in the mountains.

Mangyans of northern Mindoro are behind in civilization. The



The Puerto Galera Falls just a few kilometers from San Teodoro, Or. Mindoro

# About Our Christian Brothers... THE MANGYANS



Looking down on the beautiful Lake Naujan, Naujan, Or. Mindoro

majority of the northern population wear scanty clothing. Men wear the *bachag* or G-string, a small strip of cloth hanging from the waist-line. Women have *yakis* usually made of rattan and with the rings coated with woven *nito* (a kind of fern). With the *yakis*, a kind of G-string made of bark cloth is also worn.

Very often, they wear necklaces. These are made of *tigbi*, hard oval grains which are either black or white and with a hole in the middle. They also make earrings with this grain. In most cases, the man can hardly be distinguished from the woman at a distance because both sexes favor long hair.



A waterfall in Saclog creek in San Teodoro, Or. Mindoro

Like his counterpart in the typical Christian family, the head of a Mangyan family is the father, followed in line of authority by the mother. The family circle includes distant relative.

Mangyans who live in groups or settlements possess a tribal form of government headed by a *puno* or *amo* (both are Tagalog terms). Disobedience to the head's orders will mean bodily punishment or expulsion from a group. The head has the power to transact business or enter into contracts with other  
*(Continued on next page)*



Rev. Martin Spang, S.V.D., with his Mangyan parishioners in barrio Arangin, Naujan, Or. Mindoro



Young Mangyan girls helping in the clearing



Some curious Mangyan young men

Mangyan groups or with the Tagalogs.

With the exception of those who have been christianized by the diligent SVD Fathers of Mindoro, most of the Mangyans are pagans who believe in malignant spirits. My father, who has gone to the mountains for a census, has seen groups of Mangyans praying before the rising sun. Mangyans are a very superstitious people. They believe that sickness is caused by some malignant spirit entering the body of a person. Some of them refuse to receive treatment from government physicians for they say that the malignant spirit must not be angered, otherwise, death will result. They have songs and dances like other non-Christian tribes living in the interior regions of many big islands in the Philippines. They dance during celebrations, especially when they are able to catch wild pigs or other wild animals. The hunters move around the fire dancing and chanting the *marayaw*. Mangyan youngsters are fond of playing on swings tied to tree branches. As they swing, they sing their native songs.

Stealing and abduction of women are the most common offenses committed by these people against their fellow Mangyan. The head of the tribe has the power to impose punishment upon the offender who either gets tied for several days, given a scourging or expelled from the group. If the offender is at large, suspected persons have to pass a trial by ordeal. The most common trial given to offenders is the *tigi* whereby a suspect is told to touch a red-hot iron bar. It is believed that innocent persons will not be hurt. Offenders usually refuse to touch the red-hot iron because they are afraid; hence, they get convicted.

The government is trying its best to educate these people but up to this time little progress has been made. The Saclag Settlement Farm School in our town, San Teodora, is a purely Mangyan school. It was established in 1926 and here the Mangyan children received free schooling, food and clothes. However, up to now there are no Mangyan professionals. Strong family solidarity keeps them closely knit. Parents don't like to be separated from their children; thus, the Government finds it hard to educate

(Continued on page 21)

THE CAROLINIAN

# What Do You Think

Conducted by SAMUEL B. FABROZ

Indignant voices have been raised to stop the hazing of neophytes in school fraternities and organizations all over the country. The itch of protest was felt when shocking incidents smeared the U.P. and the Philippine Military Academy.

The following views were expressed in the opinion poll conducted by this department. Reactions from students reflect a general distate for initiations which in recent months have resulted in grave physical harm and even death. But this is getting ahead of the story. Here's the score....

## About the Practice of Hazing?

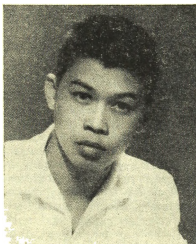


Florencio Tomarong

● **FLORENCIO L. TOMARONG**, College of Commerce, says: "Hazing is an effective way of building up the moral and spiritual fiber of the individual. It is a practice that brings benefits to the members of the organization. Hazing must be constructive and aimed at fostering discipline and loyalty to the organization. It must not be done to the point of abuse, thus causing physical injuries on the neophyte. In other words, hazing must be designed solely to break down the self-conceit and ego of a member as well as to teach him due respect and reverence for his superiors and loyalty to the organization. Hazing should be a way of testing the enthusiasm and hidden talents of the person subjected. It should bring out his finer qualities. Obviously, one cannot be a member of any organization or group if he is weak-hearted or lacking in courage and determination.

"It has been observed that associations which adopt the practice of hazing are more successful than those which do not. The members are strongly attached to the organization. Love and respect are developed among co-members and the spirit of true camaraderie and brotherhood is present.

"Let me say, therefore, that hazing should be encouraged in any social group or organization."



Pacito Buenaventura

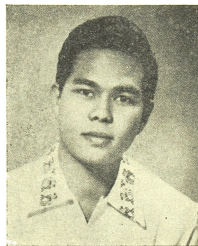
● **PACITO BUENAVENTURA**, College of Engineering, says: "Last year and early this year, hazing became a national controversy. The newspapers had good cause to headline day after day examples of hazing brutalities. The truth is that we have carried initiations too far. We read often of innocent young men too eager to be accepted as frat members, blindly obeying the orders of another whose mind is probably irrational. I am very much against this kind of practice.

The practice of coupling initiations with injuries to mind and body disgusts me. It should be stopped or, if possible, outlawed. What is good and admirable in a hazing that winds up in a hospital or a morgue?

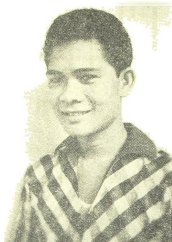
"The only good thing about this is that we, young catholic boys, can stop it. We have too much of Christ in our school and our home to allow ourselves to continue hazing depravities.

"The practice of hazing in the old noble way elicits no objection from me. As long as we are boys, as long as people continue to congregate, hazing will always be practiced. But let's keep it clean with no physical risk so as not to scare the neophytes away. Let's keep a minimum of risks and a maximum of enjoyment and good fun. After all, that's the end of it."

● **MIKE RANILLO**, College of Law, says: "I am against the practice of



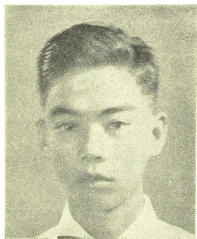
Mike Ranillo



Esteban Tan, Jr.

hazing. It is childish, if not impractical... an unjust if not a communistic way of inflicting physical and mental exhaustion in the guise of a condition precedent to membership in an organization. So many occasions and cases show that the benefits derived from it are not commensurate with the harm it does. Neophytes are not only subjected to shocking tortures but they are exposed to ridicule just for fun. There's no chance given to the poor neophytes to complain whatsoever of the cruel torture given them. Membership is automatically lost to one who cannot endure the brutal task. And so, the aspirant resigns. For these reasons, I do not favor the practice of hazing."

● **ESTEBAN TAN, Jr., College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, says:** "I favor the imposition of "hazing" as a condition precedent to membership in an exclusive club or fraternity. The practice of hazing or "initiating" a neophyte is the first test of his sincerity. Hazing strips a man of his pomposity and so humbles him



Eufrone Tobes

that he forgets about his superior airs and treats his fraternity brothers as blood brothers. A man who does submit to an initiation is often a vain one, full of conceit but devoid of the spirit of fellowship and camaraderie. No organization desires to have uncooperative, unfriendly and stiff-necked members.

Of course, I do not approve of initiations which are brutal. After all, it must be considered that the neophytes must pass initiations in one complete piece. There are forms and forms of "hazings" from which to select the milder ones. Troubles which crop up during initiation rites are traceable to sadistic and merciless masters who delight in maiming neophytes.

I am, therefore, in favor of initiations. To a certain extent.

● **EUFRONE TOBES, College of Engineering, says:** "The question of whether or not hazing should be put out of the picture as a pre-requisite to membership in fraternities yields to different answers. But as a member of one of the leading Frats in this city, I am for giving a sort of initiation to neophytes before they are admitted to exclusive clubs. Anyone admitted to any club without the benefit of ever being initiated will not feel the camaraderie that exists among members. For fostering a closer congregation of men who will help one another in trying times, an organization must prescribe sacrifice before the installation of the right spirit.

"Personally, I believe hazing is not bad. It only becomes abnoxious when disgruntled members try to shout their heads off about the sort of distasteful things that go on inside an organization. Actually, if those undisciplined members were only receptive to the mandates of the frat, nothing would happen. But it frequently happens that most aspirants are ambitious and subject to fits. That is where their tirades begin.

"Harmony exists when everyone goes through the same sort of initiation. *Esprit de corps* is fostered in the members' early neophyte days."

● **GUILLERMO JUANICH, College of Education, says:** "Hazing is neither an ideal nor a practical measure of one's fitness for membership in any organization or society. It is, on the contrary, a shameful practice and a semi-corporal punishment upon an innocent person who has to obey thoughtless and tiresome commands. Loyalty to an or-



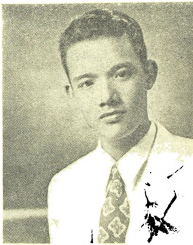
Guillermo Juanich

ganization implies love of it. That love need not be extracted by force. Hazing, therefore, in this sense is impractical and thoughtless. It is an artificial means of commanding loyalty for the nature and purpose of the fraternity itself can determine whether or not it can count upon loyal members. Hazing, instead of bringing out one's loyalty, only serves to show one's willingness to be the victim of abnormal practices.

I therefore say that I'm not inclined nor will I ever be inclined to favor the practice of hazing."

● **ERNESTO R. UY, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, says:** "If hazing must be required, it should be practised with the aim of developing courage and discipline among young men entering military life or taking up other careers, yet it would not attain its purpose if carried out to excess.

"The recent sad incident which took place in the Philippine Military Academy has shown us how hazing  
(Continued on page 48)



Ernesto R. Uy

LITTLE IS it realized, but these uncomfortable, posture-damaging, dust-coated and sacroiliac-spraining wooden seats in our classrooms serve a purpose other than as an efficient torture rack for the student's ligaments. The chairs in those lofty, fan-cooled rooms shared by the colleges of Law, Pharmacy, Commerce and about a zillion bugs, bear evidences of that remarkable phenomenon peculiar only to college students—the anonymous scribbles. These droll specimens of "litterature" which, by the way, are indicative of the author's boredom and disinterest in the class, take the form of short notes scrawled on the armrest, or naughty messages scribbled on a ragged piece of scrap paper and wedged between the seat slats—there to repose until the next person to occupy the seat discovers it. (Unless the janitor chucks it into the can first.)

These communications via classroom chairs reflect the writer's opinion of his or her... because, for some unknown reason coeds also indulge in this—schoolmates; they drip with saccharine pathos, or needle with provocative gibes. For example, witness this belligerent piece de resistance obviously contrived by a disgruntled Law student: "Wayward Pharmgs—listen, we

# The Language of The Seats

an observation by VNLIM  
SIC

lawyers don't need your irrelevant opinions especially from immaterial students." Which undoubtedly stemmed from this tart remark scrawled on a chair's armrest: "Lawyers are liars." However, there are a few somewhat rosy commentaries, like: "Law stude love Pharma stude... I love Pharma stude too." This unabashed declaration of tenderness is tempered by the following syllogist: "Pharmacists are good," said the Pharmacists. You cited Atty. Pablo Garcia as your authority. So you also consider a lawyer as your idol. BRAVO!!!" Hah.

A lone but nonetheless spirited message proclaims: "Viva Engins-

ers" and one concludes: "Pharmers like doctors." But the remarkable skirmish between the predominantly male College of Law and the prevalently female College of Pharmacy continues with this caustic remark: "Lawyers are pseudo people also GIDDY-Pharms." Which is in turn rebuffed by this retort: "Pharmacy likes to have lawyers only they don't have the guts to say what they feel." Such are the beguiling, enchanting, amusing and delightfully zany antics cut by our exuberant and imaginative college folk.

This probably started as an aimless, idle doodling performed by a listless student to fool away the hiatus between bells. Perhaps a pert little schoolmate, equally bored and bold, spotted it, took up the cue—and then the drafted thing got on its way. Or maybe a melancholy swain with a journalistic bent scribbled a little pathetic note and hopefully left it for some sympathetic eye to fall upon. Anyway, here is proof positive that all is not strictly textbook up there in those third floor classrooms.

Of all these insane, mischievous, blithering and indiscreet annotations, perhaps the most galling and withering blast—to the College of Law—is this sneering crack: "Law basketball team wins in appeal." (Everybody knows that at the intramural games the Law team got a tragic shellacking.) Undoubtedly, there must also be their own versions between the lower-floor denizens. Perhaps the secretarial school has such messages inscribed in Gregg shorthand.

No sir, these days the handwriting is not on the wall—it's on the classroom seat. ♪

## LIFE IN EXCHANGE FOR LIFE

(Continued from page 16)

the baby. Luckily one of them had a thick unused T-shirt. He handed it over to Fr. Spang who in turn gave it to the parents of the newborn. The baby stopped crying as it was wrapped up in the warm clothing. The father of the newborn child chanted a prayer of thanksgiving deep into the night.

In the morning we noticed that the mother was relatively weak, probably due to loss of blood and lack of proper nourishment and care. The greatest surprise of all came when the father of the infant made the announcement that the baby was a girl. In the excitement of the previous night, nobody tried to find out the sex of the infant. So the name Pablo was changed to Paula. After the masses we prepared to leave. Father Koschinski gave the father of Paula a small rosary with the instruction to give

## SOMETHING ABOUT OUR NON-CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

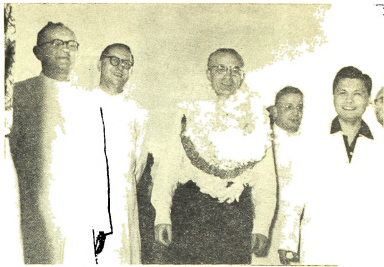
(Continued from page 18)

these people. One interesting fact I have observed is that mothers take their young children wherever they go. Young children and babies are placed in baskets and carried on the back of their mothers.

The difficulties met by these people, their slow progress in the march of civilization as well as the many social barriers they have to surmount, could be greatly lessened if we would but cooperate with other well-meaning people who have these unfortunate people's interest at heart. The Government is doing its share. We must do ours.

it to her as soon as she was old enough to use it.

A day later we received the bad news that the young Mangyan mother had died. Her sacrifice was not in vain; she died to bring another life into this world. She exchanged her life for another life. ♪



## PORTRAIT of a HERO

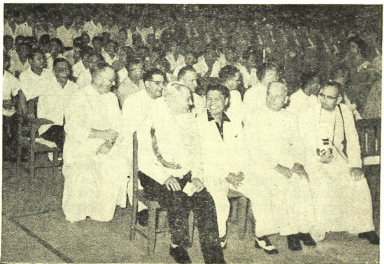
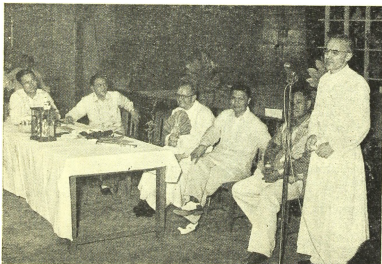
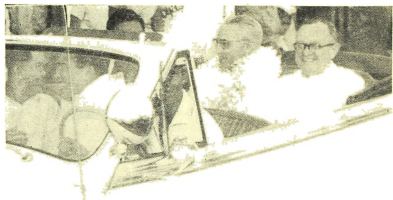
**WE** GROUP TODAY in fond salute to a good friend and returning here. I say here advisedly, for if there is anyone who labored hard to make San Carlos what it is today, that man is our honoree. In that sense, he is a hero — a Carolinian hero...

Under his leadership, though literally starting from scratch, there rose from the debris and the ruins, the splendor and magnificence of one new building after another until at last San Carlos came — to be recognized as the worthy Catholic university that it is today.

We value his return to our fold, because we noted that in the arduous task of restoring San Carlos to its pre-war prominence, he did not just reconstruct a building; he also rekindled a cherished faith. He did not only rebuild a structure; he likewise revived a spirit — that famous Carolinian spirit which has always served to unite the faculty and students of San Carlos into the wholesome solidarity of one big, happy family.

It is this invincible Carolinian spirit which pervades the air today as we welcome the man who worked the hardest, fought best and sacrificed most for the glory of our Alma Mater.

*(From an "Introduction to Fr. Hoedemans"  
by Atty. Mario D. Ortiz)*



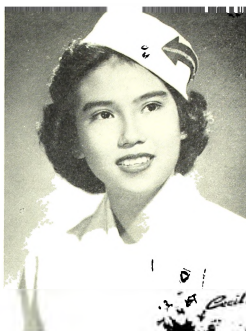




Cdtte. Col. Annie Ratcliffe  
*Corps Sponsor*



Miss Concepcion Rodil  
*Adviser, Corps of Sponsor*



Cdtte. Lt. Col. Purita Ascnierno  
*Sweetheart of the Corps*



Cdtte. Lt. Col. Ludivina Hamoy  
*Corps Adjutant*

## THE CORPS STAFF

# *Sponsors*

1956 — 1957



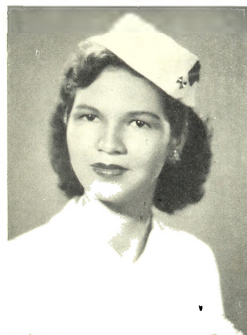
Cdtte. Lt. Col. Gloria Ferraren  
*Corps S-2*

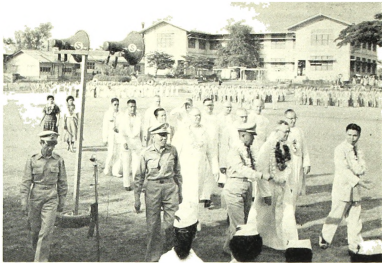
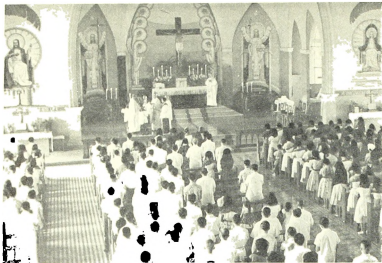
Cdtte. Lt. Col. Nelly McFarland  
*Corps S-2*



Miss A Iell Alifabon  
*Asst. Adviser*

Cdtte. Lt. Col. Carmen Crisologo  
*Corps S-2*





## THE RECTOR

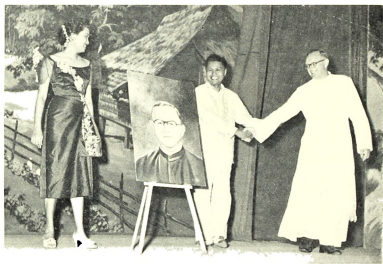
by FELIPE

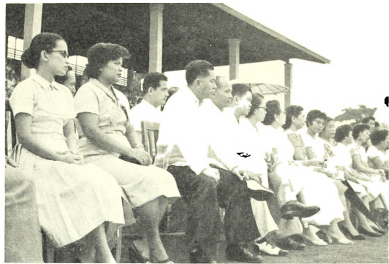
• The brave in heart and the punctual in spirit were at the University Chapel one Saturday morning, hands folded and knees bent in abject surrender — declaring personal emptiness before the Man nailed on the Cross. A *Salve Regina* Mass was offered with the enlarged USC Choristers under Rev. Buchcik leading a mystic of awe and majesty to the solemnity of the occasion. It was September 8 — Rector-Faculty Day!

• Gone were the inhibitions imposed by professional dignity; gone were the measured gestures. In their place were the spontaneous actions of human beings, of teachers taking time out from their official chores.

• Father Herman was highly pleased at the many things done to honor him and the faculty members. The fumbblings, clownings and other undefined movements in the basketball "exhibition" between the CIT Faculty and USC's POWarriors sharply mirrored the extra calories our mentors lost. Lady faculty members laughed freely, almost boisterously, having abandoned all attempts at formality. What was a delicately exclusive affair for the faculty in the morning turned out to be a free-for-all entertainment in the afternoon. A parade and review, the stuff of military show-off in color and precision, was held to honor the Fathers, faculty, and, what do you know, the sponsors!

• A host of leaders, champions and benefactors were garlanded for their unselfish guidance and assistance to the Department of Military Science and Tactics. The honorees were Reverend Father





# FACULTY DAY

## VERALLO

**Rector** Herman Kondring; **Fathers** Ernest Maerdemann, **Secretary-General**; Joseph Goertz, **Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences**; Josef Jashick, **Procurator**; Cornelius van der Linden, **Dean of the Graduate School**; Bernard Wrecklage, **Regent of the College of Law**; John Vogelgesang, **Dean of Religion**; Philip van Engelen, **Regent of the College of Engineering**; William Cramers, **Regent of the College of Commerce**; Robert Hoepfener, **Regent of the College of Pharmacy**; Anthony Buchcik, **Dean of the Teachers College**; Mrs. Rosario de Veyra, **Dean of Women**; Miss Concepcion Rodill, **ROTC Sponsors' Adviser**; Dean Fulvio Peleaz of the **College of Law**; Atty. Mario D. Ortiz, **President of the Alumni Association**; Mr. Jose Tecson, **Dean of the College of Commerce**; Engr. Jose Rodriguez, **Dean of the College of Engineering**; and Major Anaclato "first place" Garcia, **FA, brain trust of the Department of Military Science and Tactics.**

• In the evening, the quadrangle was the scene of a typical barrio fiesta. Costumes varied from homegrown cloth to imported materials; laughter ranged from sarcasm to pure joy. Native dances, like the curacha executed by Mr. Mariano "Abay" Vale and Mrs. Santiago, the abaraway by Miss Madge Martin and Mr. "Jess" Roa, and Doc Tacing Salon's seam splitting emceeing were the delights that had the good Fathers rocking in their seats.

• Later, Father Rector received a life-sized oil painting of himself from the thoughtful Faculty Club — a token of unflinching cooperation, confidence in his leadership, and a recognition of his capacity to interpret the reasonable yearnings of men.



# *Pictorial*

## FUN-FARE



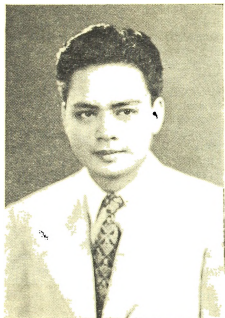
# *Outside*

## CLASSROOMS

### EX-CAROLINIAN EDITOR AWARDED TRAVEL GRANT

Atty. Napoleon G. Rama, former Editor-in-Chief of the *Carolinian* and the *Semper Fidelis* (USC Yearbook), was recently awarded a Smith-Mundt Travel Grant by the USIS. He left sometime last August for the United States where he will work, for the first three months, on the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, one of the biggest U.S. Newspapers. After his *Bulletin* stint, he will tour the United States.

Before he left for Manila he edited the *Lungsuranon*, Cebu Catholic



Atty. NAPOLEON G. RAMA  
Smith-Mundt Grantee

weekly, and the Cebu Jaycees' *Herald*. He was once a pool correspondent of the Editors Association of the Philippines to the SEATO Conference; board member of the EDAP and member of the Cebu SWA Advisory council. He wrote quest editorials for Cebu's local dailies and did two columns daily for the local papers and the EDAP newspapers in the Visayas and Mindanao.

### CAROLINIAN WINS U.S. SCHOLARSHIP

Mr. Lorenzo Cesar, who obtained his M.A. in Education from the University of San Carlos, recently won a three-year scholarship at the Uni-

versity of Minnesota. Mr. Cesar will specialize in Psychology. During the past few years Mr. Cesar was on the faculty staff of St. Paul's College, Tacloban City. He is the husband of Mrs. Marina Cesar, currently a member of the English staff of the University of San Carlos.

### MISS ASENIERO CHOSEN FRATERNITY SWEETHEART

Purita Aseniero, popular Commerce coed, was elected by the ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA members as their fraternity sweetheart for the school-year 1956-57.

The Alpha Kappa Alpha is an exclusive fraternity of the College of Commerce of the University of San Carlos. The fraternity has set up certain standard qualifications which a coed must meet before she can be elected the sweetheart of the fraternity. Miss Aseniero ascended with ease to this much-coveted level.

### LIB. ARTS COUNCIL OFFICERS INDUCTED

In a solemn ceremony held at the University chapel last August 27th, the elected officers of the first Student Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences were formally inducted into office by the Very Rev. Fr. Rector, Herman Kondring, S.V.D.

The Reverend Father Rector in a one-minute-and-a-half talk stressed the importance of building up leaders with a cross in their hearts and a rosary on their hands.

Leading the mass was Mr. Oscar N. Abella, the first elected President, followed by the other Council officers together with the officers of the different departmental organizations under the same College.

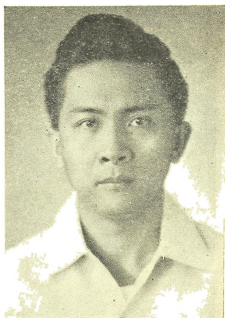
Elected council officers follow: President, Oscar Abella; Vice-President, Sixto Abao, Jr.; Secretary, Marietta Alonso; Treasurer, Diana Suson; Auditor, Remedios Fradejas; Press Relations Officer, Cornelio Alpuerto.

Abella, the elected president was formerly the Associate Editor of the *Junior Carolinian*, one-time President of the SCA (High School Unit) and Vice-President of the USC SCA (Collegiate Unit) and last year's president of the Pre-Med organization.

### USC SENDS A CAROLINIAN ABROAD

The University of San Carlos will be sending Mr. Marcelino Maceda to Fribourg University in Switzerland to take up his doctorate degree in Ethnology (Ph.D.). He will most likely be studying under Rev. Fr. Rudolph Rothmann, S.V.D., former dean of the USC Graduate School and who is now a Professor in that University. He will leave Cebu for Manila in the second week of October and from there he will take a plane for Switzerland.

Mr. Maceda is the Research As-



Mr. MARCELINO MACEDA  
Awarded Scholarship

sistant to the Dean of the Graduate School. Before he was connected with San Carlos, he spent a number of years in the teaching field in public elementary and high schools. He got his Bachelor of Science degree in 1952 in a local college in the City of Cebu and took up his master's degree in USC. He got his Master of Arts in Education degree from this University in 1954. After graduation he taught in the Colegio de Santa Rita in San Carlos, Negros Occidental, after which he was signed up by the University of San Carlos as Research Assistant to the Dean of the Graduate School.

His research job in USC has taken him to places as far as northwestern Mindanao, particularly Agusan

and Surigao, Negros Occidental and Iloilo. During the visit of Rev. Fr. Martin Gusinde, S.V.D., Professor of Anthropology in the Catholic University of America, to the Negritos in Iloilo, Surigao and Agusan, Mr. Maceda was with him and Fr. Rahmann.

Mr. Marcelino Maceda will be staying in Switzerland for three years and will be back to USC as soon as he completes his studies.

### SIGMA PHI RHO OFFICERS AND MEMBERS INDUCTED

New officers and members of the Sigma Phi Rho, exclusive Commerce sorority, were inducted at a

ministered by the old guards were also invested with the colors of the sorority. Neophytes underwent a thorough mental and psychological test before they were admitted into the folds of the sorority.

The Sigma Phi Rho counts with the membership of ranking lady student leaders.

### ROTC CADETS AWARDED MEDALS

In an impressive ceremony attended by the III MA officers and Administration officials of the University of San Carlos, seven ROTC officers under the command of Major Garcia received medals for

### USC SPONSORS ADULT EDUCATION CLASS

In line with the University Community Service Program of the University of San Carlos, the Fundamental and Adult Education Class of the B.S.E.Ed. Dept. recently conducted free weekly literacy and vocational classes for out-of-school youths and adults in one of Cebu City's suburban areas, Club Kawayan (Private Road), under the leadership of Jesus M. Roa, Ass. Professor in Fundamental and Adult Education. Working with Mr. Encarnio Nacario, an active "Putok" leader, and Fileman Valle, principal teacher of the City Central School, the student-teachers conducted free classes for sometime to the enjoyment of both students teachers and adult pupils.

Dr. Isabelo Tupas, Chief of the Instruction Division, and Dr. Osias del Rosario, Chief of the Audio-Visual section of the Bureau of Public Schools, who were here as Workshop Consultants, visited these classes last August 23rd and commended the voluntary work done by the adult education students of the University of San Carlos.

Dr. Santos, Adult Education Supervisor of the city gave some pointers to the adult teachers. This project was the result of long planning on the part of Miss Teopista Suto, Head of the Normal Dept. of USC, with the approval of Dean Fr. Anthony Buchick.

### FACULTY CATHOLIC ACTIONIST RECEIVE AWARDS

In a simple but impressive ceremony held in the University Chapel on the afternoon of Assumption Day, 15 members of the Faculty Catholic Action Club received the *Misio Canonica* from His Excellency Mons. Julio Rosales, Archbishop of Cebu. In his exhortation to the Faculty, His Excellency complimented the Club members for their achievements and expressed the wish that greater accomplishments would distinguish the Club in the future. Under the direction of the Actionists' spiritual adviser, Rev. Cornelius von der Linden, S.V.D., the Club members spent the feast of the Assumption as a day of spiritual recollection.



SIGMA PHI RHO Officers and Members with Commerce Dean Jose Tesson.

dinner party held in the Garden Room of the Capitol Hotel. With Miss Amparo Rodil officiating, the following ladies of the Greek letter society were inducted: Carmen Borrero, most exalted sister; Annie Ratcliffe, exalted sister; Angelina Labucay, most trusted exchequer; Indalecia Ando, trusted exchequer; Mr. Luisa Alvarez, keeper of records; Clomen Verallo, keeper of the keys; Lourdes Sequera, informer; Melinda Villamor and Nimfo Vitalluz, inner guards; Lourdes Dy Catingub, chaser; Accto, major; Magdalena Lim, chaser; Mari, major.

New members who had successfully passed the initiation rites ad-

loyalty, efficiency and leadership in their respective fields of command.

Recipients of the medals were the following cadet officers: Cdt. Lt. Cols. Felipe Labucay, Jose Deen, and Louie Batongmalaque, Cdt. Majors Dominador Turno, Manuel Lim, Jr., Jose Luis Ros and Cdt. Capt. Joel Trinidad.

The administration officials present were the Very Reverend Father Rector, Herman Kondring, S.V.D. and Fr. John Vogelgesang, S.V.D.

The officers of the 1st and 2nd Battalions threw a shindig in recognition of the honors earned for them by their officers.

### FATHER HOERDEMANN APPOINTED SEC. GENERAL

Father Ernest Hoerdemann, S.V.D., who returned to San Carlos last August 14, 1956, after a six-year stay in Japan, has been appointed Secretary-General of the University. The appointment was announced by Very Reverend Father Rector during the banquet offered in Father Hoerdemann's honor by the USC Faculty Club and Alumni Association.

The return of Father Hoerdemann to the University of San Carlos occasioned a series of heart-warming receptions and festivities in his honor. Met at the Cebu airport by a huge delegation of faculty members, students, old friends and well-wishers, Father Hoerdemann was escorted by a mammoth motorcade through the principal streets of Cebu to the main entrance of San Carlos University and finally to the main quadrangle where a program was held. A speech by Atty. Mario D. Ortiz was followed by a brief message of Father Hoerdemann. A fireworks display climaxed the short program.

Father Hoerdemann was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass in the University Chapel when Cebu's faithful marked the Feast of the Assumption. The choristers of Father Buchick made their official debut by singing a four-voice polyphonic Mass with orchestral accompaniment.

The Faculty-Alumni dinner closed the initial round of festivities in Father Hoerdemann's honor—UB

### SIGMA PHI RHO ELECTS OFFICERS

The Sigma Phi Rho Sorority, an exclusive organization of the College of Commerce held its election sometime last July. The following were the officers elected: Most Exalted Sister, *Carmen Borromeo*; Exalted Sister, *Annie Ratcliffe*; Keeper of the Records, *Nena Alvarez*; Most Trusted Exchequer, *Angelina Labucay*; Trusted Exchequer, *Indalecia Ando*; Informer, *Lourdes de Sequera*; Keeper of the Keys, *Clomen Verallo*; Chasers, *Magdalena Lim* and *Lourdes Dy*; Outer Guards, *Perla Goyeneche* and *Letty Orcullo*; Inner Guards, *Ninia Villaluz* and *Melinda Villamor*.

### USC JAYCEES ELECT OFFICERS

The central organization of the USC College of Commerce, the JAYCEES, otherwise known as the Junior Chamber of Commerce, met for the first time this year to elect its officers. The following were elected officers: *Winitredo Geonzon*, President; *Bartolome Pozon*, Vice-President; *Florencia Dalocanog*, Sec-

retary. The club ever held this year. A sumptuous dinner climaxed the occasion. The Fathers present were: Rev. Fr. Josef Baumgartner, Rev. Fr. Cornelius van der Linden and Rev. Fr. Anthony Buchick. The affair was initiated by Mrs. Nenita Sy and Mr. Victor Asubar, Library Science In-



At the Excursion of the Library Science Club.

retary: *Purita Aseniero*, Treasurer; *Rosa Quijano*, Auditor; *Clomen Verallo*, Press Relations Officer.

### LIBRARY SCIENCE CLUB HOLDS EXCURSION

The University of San Carlos Library Science Club held a lively and frolicsome excursion at Miramar in Talisay last August 26, 1956. The

structors.

Officers of the Club: President, *Restituto Bacalso*, Vice-President, *Rosario Taladua*; Secretary, *Restituto Ycong*; Treasurer, *Erlinda Casas*; Asst. Secretary-Treasurer, *Perla Tupalar*; PRO, *Jovillo Du*.

The Club will present a series of motion pictures, on current trends in library science.

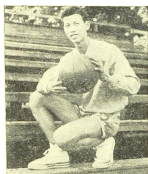
# The Warriors' Account

When an underdog starts a series of victories that stops even more powerful teams, the opposite camps are bound to respect it. They are driven to devise new tactics, maneuvers and set-plays to outgun the the underdog who gets in their way on account of what they label as "lucky shots."

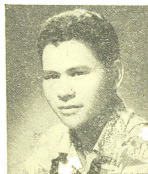
Sports followers of USC's Warriors have been a disheartened lot since the give-away victory last year. They kept looking back to the days of unstinted victories the players had, of the game fights they made, of their victories. They remembered the Warriors' arch rivals and how the Warriors won and also how the Cup was wrested by a new master.



Manuel "Bashful" Bas



Epimaco "Hercules"  
Borromeo



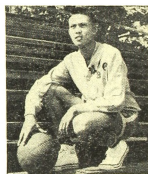
Raul "Realistic"  
Valdehuasa



Dionisio "Pee Wee"  
Jakosalem



Gerardo "Megambo"  
del Rosario



Maximo "Republican"  
Pezarras

THEN, this season, the hope was revived. Our boys began clicking and local seeded teams writhed in defeat under Carolinian heels. San Jose, Southwestern Colleges and the University of Southern Philippines fell before the rampaging onslaught of the Warriors. Things couldn't be better. The team was up on its feet again. The players were a bunch of closely knit trigger-happy boys.

With only one game to play for the first round clincher, Hoopel's grapevine was afire with the speculation that our boys would tread on easy way to the Crown. But luck had other plans. A plan was made to tire the team by playing in Cagayan de Oro, where they won the first game, then came back sea-sick, exhausted and with a sad tale to tell.

Came Sunday. The pennant for the first round was at stake. The

topbilled teams of USC and the Cebu Institute of Technology were ready to settle an old score. The Warriors had to win the game so the first round honors would be accorded to this University. Defeat meant, a long climb to the top. CIT also had to win if only to show the CCAA crowd that she was last year's champion. The Crown more than once showed an inclination to return to its old home, USC.

The whistle blew for the first quarter. Carolinian coach Juan Aquino fielded Rogado, Deen, Cafizares and Reynes with Borromeo. Within five minutes of play, the Warriors jumped to an 8-count lead, 10-2. CIT's coach retaliated by sending in his veteran crack boys and quickly narrowed the score to 9-10. By the sound of the gong, CIT Wildcats led the way with two points in their favor, 10-12.

With the lead changing hands every second of the second round,



the crowd was on edge. Baby Reynes was off his form with his attempts all muffed. Only the helping hands of Rogado and Borromeo saved the day for San Carlos. Slim Deen, doing his tricky foul-baiting, managed to shake out points for his Alma Mater. The end of the second quarter had CIT still leading the way with two points. 30-28.

The angry determined crowd that flocked to the 1,500-seat stadium was twice the stadium's capacity. Temperature was high and so were the prices and the temper. Soda bottles were banned and paper cups came into play. The third quarter was a bedlam of coaches huddling, crowd refereeing, partisan fans throwing their clothes, shaking fists and calling names. The referees were put on the defensive stand when the multitude questioned their calling of plays and fouls. Things got straightened out with CIT still leading by two points.

The last set-to was a picture of desperation and tragedy to both teams. The scoring battle met all the ties mentionable Baby Reynes lured CIT's Fuentes into the showers but at this juncture, Shorty Carfiazares, the mainstay of the Warriors, silently slid to the floor. Cramps! Just when luck was bending her face towards the Warriors some misbegotten son of the DAME barred her way. The score was tied at 55-55.

The impatient clock moved on and sounded the death knell... the hope for a Carolinian victory all washed up. CIT won the game with only two points to wag. Even with their shooting arms out of condition, the Warriors lived up to their name. They cleaned, clawed, hacked their way through a much-seasoned, much-older team. The Warriors' never-say-die spirit, their will to continue a game even with Lady Luck making faces at them are a tribute to their fighting spirit. And sportsmanship.

For the defense and offense stab, we have nothing but praise. The boys exhibited their wares with much ease, but they need more practice to attain perfection of execution. The set plays in which they were trained rigorously, crumpled before their faces. Some left their post with the result that the ball passed into no man's land. But whatever the faults were, the boys put up a great fight, a testimony to their name... WARRIORS.

## Albertus Magnus . . .

### Teacher of his Time and our Teacher

(Continued from page 5)

the Middle Ages, in the midst of his many duties as a religious, as provincial of his order, as bishop and papal legate, as preacher of a crusade, and while making many laborious journeys from Cologne to Paris and Rome, and frequent excursions into different parts of Germany, should have been able to compose a veritable encyclopedia, containing scientific treatises on almost every subject of theology which surprised his contemporaries and still excites the admiration of learned men in our own times. He was, in truth, a DOCTOR UNIVERSALIS."

His universal knowledge in faith and science enabled him to a successful and critical study of the Aristotelian physics and metaphysics, whereby Albert became the founder of a Christian philosophy. Before his time philosophy was a pagan science which should be avoided by theologians. But as no science can avoid philosophical terms, theology must think in philosophical thoughts. Albert was convinced that no contradiction can exist between philosophy and theology; for nature is not less a revelation than the supernature and there cannot be twofold truth. Albert adopted the Aristotelian methods and principles for the defence of the Christian doctrine, thus giving to Christian philosophy and theology the form and method which, substantially, they retain to this day.

#### St. Albert—Our Teacher

When Pope Pius XII recently raised St. Albertus Magnus to the

#### USC NEWS

(Continued from page 29)

#### P. E. CLUB ORGANIZED

The USC Physical Education Club was recently organized under the initiative of Mr. Geronimo Llano and Miss Miguella Martin. The club aims to promote greater interest among students in physical education activities and other school affairs. There are upwards of three thousand members of the club. Each physical education class elected two representatives to represent the class in every meeting the club may hold. Officers elected follow: President, William Martin; Vice-President, Catalina Villanueva and Virgilio Alvor; Secretary, Lorna Delute;

patron saint of the natural sciences, our Pope was thoroughly convinced that the scientists of today need the patronage and example of this medieval expert. Albert the Great was an indefatigable student of Nature and applied himself energetically to the experimental sciences. His writings emphasize the importance of experiment and investigation. His method of treating the sciences was historical and critical. He respected authority and traditions, was prudent in proposing the results of his own investigations.

Albert was a universal scientist not only in the sense of that he was an authority on all branches of natural sciences, but much more in the sense of not standing still on worth-knowing object and of reflecting on the ultimate cause.\* He strived after directing all things to a unique end, to God, whether they belong to the natural or the supernatural order. All natural phenomena were to him a revelation of God; they should serve men to come to God in the same way as the supernatural revelation shows him the way to God. Albert the Great, guided by this unique harmony of reason and faith, could master the problems of his time; he also may lead us to a peaceful understanding of the complicated problems of the modern world.

\*It is not sufficient for the scientist to observe the physical manifestations of nature; he must also arrive at conclusions concerning the nature of the material things and the laws which govern them in their unity and variety.

Treasurer, Patrocino Miranda; Auditor, Emmanuel Santillon; PROS, Lilian Cruel and Delano Tecson; Sgt.-at-Arms, Alexander Sanchez and Anthony Sian.

#### CHEM'L. ENG'G SENIORS HOLD CLASS ELECTION

The College of Chemical Engineering Seniors of the University of San Carlos held an election last July, 1956. The following officers were elected: President, Calixto Castro, Vice-President, Iluminado Limbaga; Secretary-Treasurer, Encarnita Abellia; PRO, Agustin Jumawan, Jr.; Representatives, Diego Jacalan and Jesus Escario.

(Continued on page 45)



Capt. LIBERATO ROMERO (QMS, inactive)

## New Link in the Chain

Every one follows his own path, his own way of endeavor through life. In an associated group of men, he who toils on the farthest corner of the organization is not a cog in the wheel but a distinct individual doing his own share of responsibility. The eye may not perceive this unobtrusive man; the men of importance may fail to see the worth of this man's work but he is there in silent toil. The happy consoling fact, though, is that not all eyes are blind, nor all ears deaf, to the merits of a good man. Hence, it comes as a natural consequence that CAPT. LIBERATO ROMERO takes second lead in the fashioning of USC's future soldiers. It is his privilege to serve arm-in-arm with Major Garcia, the Commandant this year.

Running a thousand-man organization with every man possessing an unpredictable mind and an independent thinking is not a job to be taken lightly. A single mistake can be magnified greatly, an honor earned can be lost in forgetful minds. A watchful man, ever on the go for that single moment when something might go wrong, guarding his way so that, if possible, when trouble crops up he is there, needs an alert body and mind. To insure order among cadets and officers, among the higher-ups and the brass, as well as to act as a sort of "feeler" between the DMST and the Administration, is the job of our liaison officer, Capt. Liberato Romero.

The Administration of this school, in trying to maintain pleasant relations with the student-officers, is desirous in every respect of getting a capable man. He must be such a man as would perform a superb job in the maintenance of cordial relationship between the highest cadet officer and the merest cadet. In tying the knot of kinship between the cadets and the administration, Capt. Romero had been chosen to carry a great deal of responsibility in this school. The man fits this job and it is to him that the school's responsible officials look up in matters of cadets' discipline or mischief.

A liaison office is not a happy lot. The man having the burden of mediation on his hands can easily step on anybody's toe because the thread of responsibility of his office is a hairbreath line. He has to be careful of everything he does; he must guard his actions and carefully analyze each situation before making a decision and must solely depend upon his own judgment, without the benefit of ever passing the buck. His is a one-man job.

(Continued on page 48)

### MEDALS, 'MIRKS & MILES

**A**N IDEA for bringing up higher ratings and maximum efficiency from the ranks came to fruition with the distribution of "loyalty, efficiency and leadership" medals to deserving cadets. The awardees were the Corps Commander: Cdt. Lt. Cols. Luie Batongmalaque, Jose Deen; Cdt. Majors Dominador Turno, Jr., Manuel Lim, Jr., Jose Luis Ros and Rufino Cruz; Cdt. Capts. Nilo Alazas and Joel Trinidad. Incidentally, during the presentation of sponsors, 2nd Lt. Dominador Teleron bagged one medal for himself. Congrats. After the decorations were done with, an evening party was thrown in for good measure.

### PRO'S HEYDAY

Addy Sitoy and Peping Verallo were a picture of pure emotional contrast while Erasmus Diola stood impassively through all the proceedings. The gentlemen were former Pro's of the DMST and stood at the AVHS ground to receive their decoration. Their accomplishments were read and nobody blushed through all the praises heaped upon them. Of course, it is presumptuous to count the chick in the egg but a fellow can be hopeful, can't he? And, well... skip it.

### SPONSORS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Amidst clicks of high heels and whiffs of aromatic bottles, the kay-

(Continued on page 33)

### AWARDEES



Left to right: Felipe Verallo, Erasmus Diola, Major Garcia, Adelino Sitoy.



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★

With ROTC Ross



Cdt. Lt. Col. Louie Batongmaleque  
1st Bn Commander

detted and the kaydette came home to roost in their respective units. Bright, dewy-eyed girls with guaranteed perpetual pleasant dispositions are now a part of the ROTC's pulchritudinal gallery. Incidentally, girls, haven't you known that those found not wearing their unit pin will be fined?

The long white line follows: Annie Ratcliffe, Corps Sponsor; Purita Aseniero, Corps Sweetheart; Ludivina Hamoy, Corps Adjutant & S1; Nellie McFarland, Corps S2; Gloria Ferraren, Corps S3; Carmen Crisologo, Corps S4; Linda Morante, 1st Battalion; Melinda Yap, 2nd Battalion; Luella Lacson, 1st Bn Ex-O; Josefina Leano, 1st Bn Adj & S1; Cristina Cimafranca, 1st Bn S2 & S3; Lolita Pomar, 1st Bn S4; Norma

Garrido, 2nd Bn Ex-O; Lucita Tan, 2nd Bn Adj & S1; Joy Frances Neri, 2nd Bn S2 & S3; Shirley Gador, 2nd Bn S4; Patocinio Miranda, 1st Bn Aast Ex-O; Wilhelmina Monteroyo, "ALPHA" Company; Milagros Hau-tea, "BRAVO" Company; Aurora Barriga, "CHARLIE" Company; Helen Alfonso, "Delta" Company; Bien-venida Villano, COLOR OFFICER; Norma Dimataga, BAND Officer, Purisima Nazareno, "ECHO" Bat-tery; Erlinda Sievert, "FOX-TROT" Battery; Monina Gerona, "GOLF" Company.

The appointment of Miss Con-ception F. Rodil and Miss Aleli Ali-ñabon as Senior and Junior advisers respectively completes the line-up of the long white line.

(Continued on page 36)



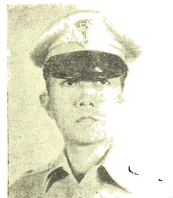
Cdt. Major Jose Luis Ros  
Bn Executive Officer



Cdt. Major Rufino Cruz  
Bn S-4



Cdt. Major Manuel Lim Jr.  
Bn S-2 & 3



Cdt. Major Dominador Turno Jr.  
Bn Adj. & S-1

# ALUMNI CHIMES!

by JOSE P. DE LA RIARTE

October comes to swell the ranks of St. Charley's mammoth alumni parade. Graduates during this off-season cap and gown ceremonies will receive the sheepskin as a token of the mixture of joy and gladness which were theirs during their college days. The happy memories will linger just as the sad ones will every once in a while give them a teeny-weeny bit of pain. Sometimes, though, even these will be forgotten when the Carolinian graduate enters a world removed from the "blue books" and the Sunday drill. For here, in this new world, he faces a reality which, USC, because of her profound tutelage, has made less threatening. Pick the gauntlet, brother Carolinian!

**I**N LINE with its paternalistic policy, the Administration has employed a group of deserving alumni to meet the abrupt rise in enrollment this year. The Chemistry department comes out first with its contribution to the faculty roster. Our mister number one is **Antonio Mabasa** who got his B.S. Chem. degree with banners allying. Tony came to USC in 1951. After he was awarded his A.B. degree, he swivelled his sights on Chemistry and got his reward last March. When he was sent to the U.S. as a government pensionado, Tony specialized in Meteorology — a course which dovetailed with his job in the local weather bureau. Another product of the Chemistry Department is **Miss Rizalinda Pato**, a soft-spoken rather shy young lady who got her Bachelor's degree last March. **Miss Zenaida Legaspi** is the newest face in the Chemistry set-up.

This department is indebted to **Mrs. Nenita Po Sy**, **Katie Espiritu** and **Nena Arabia** for the invaluable help they extended by furnishing your reporter choice tips on the whereabouts of our reticent Alumni. Heartening report from Bacolod City indicates that **Mr. Jose Z. Belceña** has been designated librarian of the ONI and for good reason. Joe was a prolific student here. In the same line of business is **Miss Rhessa Hipe**, a svelte, fresh-looking lady from Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental. Miss Hipe is the new

librarian of the Holy Rosary High School. She also teaches P.E. in the same school.

Word from Lourdes College in Cagayan de Oro has it that the school librarian there is another Carolinian who was formerly one of USC's assistant librarians during her student days. After her graduation a year ago, she was signed up as librarian of St. Joseph College in Tagbilaran, Bohol, but adventure sent her elsewhere. Another USC product who took a liking at library science is **Zelda Bucoy**, in charge of the books of the Fatima High School library, Lamitan, Basilan. Zelda is one girl who can be depended upon... you can take it from us!

**Miss Fructuosa P. Cañas**, the Graduate School's best bet last year in the "French Minuet Dance" is now with the Cebu Chinese High School. She has probably junked the French curtsy in favor of Math which she teaches in that school. USC's new crop of teacher-alumni include **Miss Lysia Resuena**, teaching the Shakespearean tongue; **Mrs. Lourdes Lao**, handling History subjects and **Mr. Emmanuel Fradejas**, teaching the Filipino language.

The St. Francis Academy in Balamban, Cebu, is a busy hive of USC products. Among those on the faculty staff of the SFA are **Rebecca Fronteras**, **Juanita Mambaje**, **Mary** and **Concepcion Paulin**, all true-blue Carolinians.

Our success story concerns a couple who finished their courses here. Their names: **Mr. Crassenciano A. Varona**, A.B. '52, and his amiable wife, **Mrs. Expectation G. Varona**, B.S.E. '52. The couple opened an Aeronautical School down in Martires street, this City, with barely twenty enrollees. Luck rode with them and now they own one of the best flying schools outside Manila. Which goes to show that Carolinians are found in every field.

From out there in Iligan City, we received news about **Mr. Cervino Almaden**, a former office-worker who runs a successful college in that city. This does not surprise us, however, for we know that **Mr. Almaden's** talent as an educator-businessman is hard to come by. He is a Management major whose scholastic record in USC speaks well of his person.

Another item received comes from the Malayan Academy, this City. Among the teacher-alumni included on its faculty roster are **Mr. Tereso Edo**, **Misses Claudia Montecillo** and **Aurora Vergara**.

In Holy Name College, Tagbilaran, Bohol, a heartening news has it that **Miss Erlinda Bumcat** heads the Home Economics department of that school. Her pharmacist sister, **Angelina**, is also with the Tajoing Clinic as head of the Pharmacy department.

This winds up our tete-a-tete for this issue. See you next semester!

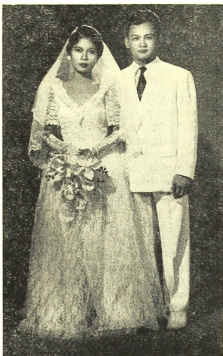
# \* A \* L \* U \* M \* N \* O \* T \* E \* S \*

● It was a grand day in June when Julieta Alfèche, amidst the traditional ceremonies of a simple Catholic wedding, said "I do" to Mr. Diosdado B. Lagcao at the St. Michael's Church in Iligan City. The affair was graced by the presence of prominent City residents who saw Mr. Mamerto Alfèche give away his lovely daughter.

Members of the wedding entourage were Dr. Protasio Beltran of Cebu City and Dr. Luz B. Cuyogan of Iligan City, sponsors for the groom and bride-elect, respectively; Maid of Honor, Cora Alfèche; Best Man, Donoteo Lagcao; Bridesmaid, Waltrudes Beltran, Ursula Lagcao, Atty. Dodong Beltran and Dodong Jimenez; Veil sponsors, Sofia A. Gador and Engr. Tony Picardal; Cord sponsors, Tessie Permites and Francis Adeva.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Perfecto Lagcao and Mrs. Crispina Banzon of Cebu City, while the bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. Mamerto Alfèche and Mrs. Natividad Parabela of Iligan City.

Julieta Alfèche-Lagcao is a product of our Home Economics Department.



Mr. and Mrs. Diosdado Lagcao  
... "Hill death" ...

## DEBUT: HELEN OF MABILOG

(Continued from page 9)

And when you speak with flaming passion

Expressing your raging emotion  
Oft do I yearn I were meant for me,  
My happiness would nearer be.

For such strong feelings hurt the heart

From earth hurries one to depart  
With your poor health, I've sure assurance

I'll soon inherit your insurance.

Now let me sell myself to you  
That you may learn to love me, too:  
By age I'm one who's past her prime  
While chasing men right all the time.

Time was when I was cute and sweet

'Twas then my "hunted" stage, you bet!

I turned to "hunting" — but that is o'er

Now that I'm "haunted", then beware!

I really didn't mean "Beware"! (I'd rather hook you unaware!)  
But then should you play hard-to-get

I warn you, you will sure regret.

For I am used to have my way,  
I want you now. What do you say?  
I won't make promises somehow  
But this at least I can allow:

I'll cheer you so when you are glad  
I'll cry for you when you are sad  
I'll tickle you when you are mad  
Three dozen kids shall call you Dad.

But then again you may contend,  
Helynn's the name you would prefer;

You like me then — there, don't pretend,

I'm Helen, too, bless your heart, dear!

Oh, Narsie dear, my love, my life  
Do say you'll take me for your wife  
For though I also love Tibur  
I'd rather be Mrs. Bacur.

Eternally,  
Helen of Mabilog

Republic of the Philippines  
Department of Public Works and Communications  
BUREAU OF POSTS  
Manila

### SWORN STATEMENT (Required by Act 2586)

The undersigned, BUDDY B. QUITORIO, editor of THE CAROLINIAN, published 6 times a year in English and Spanish, at University of San Carlos, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submit the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act 2586, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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<b>T O T A L</b> .....	<b>5000</b>

(Sgd.) BUDDY B. QUITORIO  
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of September, 1956, at Cebu City, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-1601899 issued at Cebu City, on February 2, 1956.

(Sgd.) FULVIO C. PELAEZ  
Notary Public  
Until December 31st, 1957

(NOTE): — This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax.

lourdes v. jaramilla's...

## ramblings in lower case

last time we chatted up more than a couple of scores for the little student, that infinitesimal speck on the campus green... a rollicking ball of specks kick quite a lot of dust and dust is important if one must have an "atmosphere"... sure, in the last instance, the "little ones" who blaze no lightning streaks on the scoreboard but provide only the background scenery, are those who make san carlos... why, if everybody were campus big wheels, nobody would be left to cheer on the sidelines... you are important... you... and you... and you...

elsewhere in this issue you'll run smack into an opinion pulse about hazing hazards and this incidentally brings us... we who have to learn everything the hard way... to remember our doggone naivette in hurdling through the slippery baits mapped out for us by the boys during hazing weeks, for the crewcuts, the idea was simply the-speedier-he-gets-this-over-with-the-better, but wait a minute... why not shoot two birds with one stone and make the whole affair a lucky lucky break! the best alibi in the world to break the ice with that pretty what's-her-name that they've been simply dyin' to meet for ages, roughly for two weeks since the opening of june classes, so behold... the oldest lines in the world... "may i know your name miss?... may i shine your shoes, miss?... where have you been all my life?... please, will you write your name on my notebook?... and in quite the same breath, crimitively break the spell with "gee, i don't really like to do this but our master requires this..." so! why blame the gals if they retaliate with nasty stares or say "get lost, sonny", better still, "who're you kidding, you dope?" another standard squelch is "fresh, ain't you?" happily, this ungraciousness was balanced by the occasional exception of a newcomer who graciously obliged, after having been sweetly ambushed, to sign her autograph through the willy tactics employed by gallant okans both after the illustrious superiority of an exclusive greek-letter fraternity and the bonanzas in how-di-dos, bogus, fakes or pretenders to the lex circle, martinets, alpha kappa alpha, or sigma phi-chi or whatever you call their strictly-for-the-stags club but it sure fooled "we innocents abroad" and blew up the ire fuses of misses **noty ilao**, **thelma manelili**, **linda sievert** and **hermie pilpe**... hazing may be tough on the boys but it isn't what you'd call a picnic for the girls, either...

the good old days were sure easy days... all you had to do to be a scan was to grace a meeting with your pokerfaced mug and presto! you're in! but these days, you've got to have more credentials to offer, more than an occasional drop-in at meetings and more than a passing fancy for its pretty sca executive secretary or "pretty boy" usc sca president to tag yourself a legal scan, nowadays you have to join the ranks of the militant student apostolate and be completely "dedicated" to weather its exacting demands and grueling week-to-week cycle from the moment the ink on your formal application form dries up... this year under the dynamic leadership of **rafael lugay, jr.**, the usc scans are forging ahead with impetus... rafael, a boy to remember... the dedicated scan with a vision in fulfillment and stardust in his eyes for the stirring potentialities of an organized sca to funnel the unbridled energies of so many drifting students unconsciously fumbling about for a mooring, according to him, this year the emphasis is quality not quantity... to the scans who are "on earth but not of the earth," the completion of the sca library is an achievement... many carolinians steer clear of the sca, no doubt conjur-

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## ROTC BRIEFS...

(Continued from page 33)

### THE BLISTERFEET

The extent of footwork done plus the bell-crawling out there in Lahug amounts to miles in cuss words, weary talks and hungry stomachs. Still, the boys preparing for a merry mix-up with other competing units in the coming Tactical Inspections are all for the drudgery of the sad task. There is Cdt. Capt. Nilo Alazas, leading his footsore "Alpha" company, Cdt. Capt. Joel Trinidad of "Bravo" Company and Cdt. Capt. Ouanu commanding "Charlie" Company. The homeward march is the longest, they say, but the retention of the symbol of supremacy is one that matters most and so they do not mind the trek home. The tradition established in this school, namely, the tradition of excellent performance and organizational harmony is the surest guarantee that the twin "stars" pinned upon Carolinian breasts may yet see the birth of a third one.

### WITH THE SECOND BATTALION

Cdt. Capt. Antonio Bernardes leads his company with the enthusiasm of a German lieutenant going to war. He commands the "Echo" company. Immediately behind him is Cdt. Capt. Vicente Bendañillo, of the "Foxtrot" Company assiduously follows all the precepts of accepted military commands. Cdt. Capt. Leonidas Ariola commands the "Golf" Company.

### THOSE PICTURES

The date which I made with the First and Second Battalions winds up here with the pictures of the commanding officers and their staffs. Grateful appreciation for the help extended me goes to 1st Battalion Commander Louie Batongmalaque. This department wishes to thank Cdt. Lt. Col. Vicente Belarmino, the guy who, probably on account of his charms, gave me the sponsors pixes on time. Thanks, sir!!!

### THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Sporting a camera with flash bulbs and a case for battery to power his "Canon" is Cdt. Sgt. Eiren Alceba, designated personally as the official snapshot machine for the whole corps. Helping hands do not always come in the form of a pen, but sometimes as a flash. When you see Eiren smile, I, for one, hide; my feature does not warrant posterity's appreciation. Except perhaps... by myself.



# Coup de Grace

**T**HERE ARE a lot of things that happen around which, in one way or another, affect the university population. These happenings, if too small to be individually treated in headlines, are too big to be completely ignored and too big to be treated at all. Hence, this attempt to jot 'em down in a column which is to be inaugurated in this issue.

## BLOWING OF HORNS

Let me start with this business of blowing horns. One might observe that signposts lining the roads or streets within the vicinity of hospitals prohibit the honking of horns. Within these areas, blowing of horns is absolutely taboo. I suppose the virtuous and praiseworthy purpose here is NOT to disturb the sick and the dying who are confined in our hospitals. A noble purpose. Unobjectionably good.

But this regulation only tempts me to fire this question: Should the good regulation be applicable only to hospitals and not to other institutions which require peaceful and silent environs? Or have the authorities so failed to enforce the measure as to negate the purpose of its enactment?

Surely, not only hospitals need to be free from such nuisance as the unnecessary, careless, discourteous, and repeated blowing of horns. Our schools should be rid of these distractions. So many instances can be named professors and students get snarled in a classic pandemonium which renders the teaching... and the learning... useless.

Yet, these devil-may-care drivers continue their holiday under the very noses, beside the very ears of the traffic authorities! Add to this horn-honking madness the equally maddening wails of jukeboxes surrounding the school and one has a faithful picture of July Fourth and New Year combined.

## ON GIVING GRADES

Man is man. Man is, surely, not God. God is perfect. Man, who is not God, is not perfect. Because man is fallible, he is under obligation to exercise due care and diligence, at least to minimize the adverse effects of his fallibility, if not to eliminate them completely. Such care and diligence should be observed in the administration of justice... the giving to one of what is rightly due him. And an example of this is the act of giving grades to students.

"Am I justified in giving this grade to this student?" A teacher or professor is supposed to ask this question to himself *time and again* before he ever dares release the mark. For this is one thing which surely requires *wise thinking and careful meditation* on his part. To give a low grade to one who actually deserves a high mark, to give a high mark to a moron, or conversely, is unjust in either case. Apparent also is the injustice of giving credit on the basis of personal equation.

Yet, how many teachers and professors actually think even just once before releasing a grade? How many are actually exerting efforts to avoid injustice? Not many, I'm sure. I know of several students who are victims of this injustice. They keep murmuring because of the low mark given them by their careless, if not brutal, teachers and professors. They believe they should really get a higher mark. But, actually, this is the whole works. If some get low, others get a big, loud laugh when, for all their witless, speechless attendance in class, they receive a grade that would shame a pundit.

Is this the way EDUCATION OF THE YOUTH is to be carried out by our modern THOMASITES? What a tragedy!

## FLAG CEREMONY

### Scene I

The place is the university quadrangle: the time, between 7:30 and 7:45 in the morning. The university population, in slow-drag tempo, expressive of a slow-drag, nay, passive patriotism, begins to move lazily and unwillingly towards the heart of the quadrangle. The fifteen-minute time allotted to the ceremony before the first period ticks off before the rite reaches its climax because the students have to be herded into the quadrangle. There are but a few minutes left before the whole thing begins because so many escapees have to be collared.

The FLAG-RAISING CEREMONY starts. Two ROTC boys take charge of the flag-raising. The rest eat, sip, recite, and squander the workings of the Philippine National Anthem (nobody sings, it seems). These so-called "Positive Nationalists" either yawn in extreme drowsiness or smirk.

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## ramblings... in lower case

(Continued from page 36)

ing up images of candlewax and mortifications... if you think all the sca does is gad about dripping with holy holy holies, then you're one of those legions talking through their hats. if you can't be "up and doing", you can be a "dormant" scan by spirit... you don't have to kneel down... you don't have to pray stereotyped prayers... you don't have to harangue the students on top of a soapbox in the corridors and scare them silly with your fancy preaching... why, you can only be yourself... here's a neat scheme of climbing higher by using your classmates as convenient rungs up the ladder. don't poke your nose into his business... don't step on his toes... keep your finger out of his pie... ball your mental fists rather than your mitts when provoked... give him a hand when he trips... let him borrow your goodwill if you haven't the dough or the notes to lend... after all, the smaller things are guaranteed surer passage through the needlehead of the peerly gates... above and beyond the sca is the elite, the "avenue club" **social actionists**, something new and novel... to an ordinary mercenary like this none-too-fervent scant, joining that coterie was like being yanked into an almost unreal realm world of true dedication for "restoring all things in Christ" by pooling all the resources of mind heart and will to the greater glory of the Master of all Hearts. these handpicked few with fr. wrocklage as the nucleus, their rock of gibraltar, their pivot point, a star who whips and sharpens individual talents, these future social workers will be a force to reckon with a few years from now... and on its rushing tide bobs up such unforgettable personalities as **marietta alonso**, **lex matugina** and **lindy morrel**. one cannot remain a stranger, apart and indifferent to the uplifting atmosphere of this magnificent obsession, their "social impact," once you share their dreams, their hopes for the active lay apostolate. The Patria is only one of their vehicles, good luck marietta, lex and lindy... you've a lot of unknown fans rooting for you... they also serve who only stand and pray...

who among our ladies faculty members gets our unofficial recognition as The Teacher? **ahilia vergas** and **maria teresa redriguez** are only two of the many who swoon at the crystal-clear, tinkling voice of "ma'am," the one and only mrs. b. valenzuela all the cuter when the enunciations are deftly formulated by her unique cupid bow lips. she recently got her class a-titter with the juicy announcement of extra credits for anyone who writes an article for **The Carolinian**... this ought to fire the "running wild" imaginations of **eduardo "eddie" rosello** and his pack of co-sportlight grabbers in eng. 3, **esteban tan, jr.**, **leonardo rivero**, boy, these trio can sure perk up an otherwise boring discussion of "the four kinds of exposition" gosh, the daffy antics of these screwballs could drive a less tolerant soul to hysterics but not our gamin of a ma'am, a game little lady with an outside sense of humor and the fresh vivacity of the ever young... and while we're at it... i mean "gossiping" about the inside stuff of a classroom, how about a dose of culture from the dead? i mean the living past... meaning such graveyard subjects as ancient history and, horror of horrors, deader'n a doornail latin!... the glorious past lives again in g-11 every TTS evening when **mr. antonio syiangco** weaves "arabian nights" tales of battles long ago by mumfified heroes of greek and persian lore. our illustrious ancestors were smart guys. too bad we rock'n'roll generation never learn anything from the lessons of the past when there is tomorrow to live for, forgetting that yesterdays were once tomorrows... we bury our dead and yet, while it is common knowledge that latin is a dead language, why for juana's sake doesn't it stay buried? looking back at our five months progress of fumbling and stumbling on conjugations and declensions, it's a pure wonder our latin genius of a "sir" doesn't flip his lid or go NUTS reeling off over and over again a few simple rules that obstinately refuse to stay put in unusually hard-cored noggins. definitely not a case of "veni, vidi, vici" but an exasperated "pessime." trouble is we would be latinists and our latin texts don't speak the same language... do i hit the nail right on the head, kiddies? señor **cornelio olpuerto** and señorita **amy velaz** when do we begin telling ourselves superbumus...? readers, if this sounds greek to you, remember it's latin to us and, ho-hum, as clear as MUD! miserabiles sumus... oro pro nobis... libera nos Domine... Amen!

## COUP DE GRACE

(Continued from page 37)

A few students take the pains of standing erect; the rest bend their knees, lean on each other or on anything that happens to be within their reach. Fewer still are those diligent enough to lift their right hands. The moment the Pledge of Allegiance is said, some hands land on stomachs, some on waistlines, some on the wrong side of the breast. Other "scholars" stand with hands akimbo. Only very few raise their hands in the proper manner.

The flag has been raised; the monotone dies out. And—alas!... the scene turns hysterical: turbulence rends the air. Mouths go yapping unrestrained. Whistles, catcalls and shouts grab the scene at intervals. Everything is indescribable turmoil.

Meanwhile, the evaders who never entertain the idea of participating in any serious affair, start coming out of their sanctuary where they, during the entire period of the flag ceremony, blew their puffs of Parrot or Philip Morris; rehearsed their Cha-Cha or Rock 'N' Roll; played last-minute card games; fixed their hair or their pants(?) with the plunging hipline.

### Scene II

The place is the usual USC quadrangle. The time is now 5:00 in the afternoon. The lousy scene is repeated. But this time, only about one third of the population goes to the quadrangle; the rest being already in the library, in their 4:00 to 5:00 classes, in the social hall, along the corridors. They are merely ordered to stand at their respective places and observe the RE-TREAT.

Suddenly, bugle call sounds out. Most of those who heard the call stand theoretically at attention, irrespective of where they are, and face the flag. The morning abnormalities are repeated in the afternoon. There are the usual groups of evaders and lazybones. But the latter ceremony has "improvements." First, we can boast of a bugler who has been often called a "bungler." No matter what may be said in his defense, this man with a horn can certainly stand a little training. Then there is the post-ceremony uproar. The students howl, yell, do anything that makes noise and the university campus gets transformed into a wonderful madhouse! §



by SIXTO LI. ABAO, JR.

to satiate one's material cupidity and concupiscence, and power even to challenge the authority of God vested on his ministers." Thus wrote Mr. Adriano C. Logasca of The National.

One writer has aptly said: "Knowledge is the power that builds nations; the same knowledge when wrongly used has the power to destroy nations."

*From THE CORPS  
(Philippine Military Academy)  
comes this bit of prose:*

"No man is an island! This is to say that no one is self-sufficient. Those who have not tasted the dust of defeat would disagree with this idea. But those who have experienced failure find his thought a truism. For when under stress, there is not a better consolation and relief than on leaning on somebody. From someone to whom one cherishes a deep and enduring love, or from God, one can always draw strength and peace. In leaning on a source of strength one finds acceptance of one's failure and in this acceptance one attains peace of heart and mind."

*THE TORCH  
(Colegio de San Jose, Jaro,  
Iloilo City):*

"If nationalism is forced it could not endure, it could not stand, because the string that binds the hearts and wills is weak and trembling. It will only decay and keel to the ground."

Nobody would gratefully accept something which has been rammed down his throat. The very act of forcing someone to accept something rids it of whatever good it has.

*THE BEAM  
(Holy Name College):*

"Youth is that quality of the heart which remains ever hopeful, ever happy. The physically old may be young at heart, but the physically young may not have youth in his heart. It does not matter then whether you are young or old, for youth is in the heart. Youth is not sad or lonely. It does not feel burdened with life's cares. It is resigned to whatever comes its way. Youth goes along with a joyous heart, so glad of contentment it radiates to others."

The lines above are credited to Miss Josefina Morala who wrote an essay on Youth.

*FOUNDATION TIME  
(Foundation College):*

Below are some hints on how to study effectively furnished us by the Foundation Time:



The Author

First, we must cultivate the spirit of research and study. We must not accept blindly what we read in textbooks unless it is corroborated by facts obtained elsewhere. That is why we have the library and the laboratories. The former for further studies and the latter for important researches.

Second, we must develop the habit of inquisitiveness. We must always try to find an answer to the question, "Why? Why is it like this? Why is it like that? Once the habit is acquired lessons will be easier to understand."

Lastly, we must apply what we learn in school to our everyday lives. This will not only relieve us of the tedious monotony of our everyday lives but will make for a better understanding of the people and the world we live in.

One grave mistake that we have today is our over-dependence on the lectures of our professors. We do not care to make researches, not even to study the "whys" and "hows" of a problem. We still cleave to the let's-leave-all-to-our-teachers idea of study which is absolutely objectionable because it induces us to become "lecture-parasites."

*FEATI TECH NEWS  
(Feati Institute of Technology):*

Judging from the series of articles on the prevalence of teen-age delinquency, outlawry, rowdiness and vandalism appearing in leading periodicals of the country, we can fairly say that there is something wrong with the rearing of present-day youth.

What have our three most important social agencies, the home,

Despite the frequently-interrupted flight they have to take before reaching the Carolinian swap-tag, literary mags and student pubs still keep streaming into our not-too-spacious "C" room. This is an encouraging sign, you know, although the bulk of exchanges sometimes gets to be disheartening to your CC editor who almost always gets thrown into the quandary of finding the right start. Poring over student mags and prospecting for mental nuggets that are worth reprinting is, I must now confess, an energy-consuming and stamina-wrecking task. It takes a lot of brow-beating. This is probably one of the reasons why our roving-eyed "Ledi" Philosopher lit out for less strenuous pursuits. But now, to talk shop:

*From THE NATIONAL  
(National University):*

All educational institutions stand on the principle that knowledge is power. Everything that we do stems from our knowledge of things. We go to schools, we read novels and short stories, essays and poems, because we want to increase our knowledge, and, consequently, get a wider and clearer view of life. However, because of the over-emphasis on the material aspect of knowledge, students of our times lose sight of the fact that there is something much more important than mere material possession, that there are still higher things for which a man should aspire. Hence, knowledge, as a result of man's oversized propensity to acquire worldly goods, becomes power to do evil,

"power to cheat and exploit others, power to commit crimes and go scot-free, power to follow the line of least resistance in order to acquire things the easy way and live in ease and luxury, power

the school and the Church, done to mould our youth into the ideals of Rizal, Mabini, Bonifacio, Quezon and Osmeña? Is their mission a failure? We are prompted to ask these questions.

*According to Father Kirsch in his HOME, SCHOOL & CO.:*

*the school occupies only a small fraction of the pupil's time. Ninety six per cent of the 180,000 hours between birth and the age of maturity the child spends at home or in the environment of the home and only four per cent of his time is spent at school.*

Within this span, Father Kirsch observes, the child is under the protection and guidance of the parents for six or seven years before the school is ever given the opportunity to influence him. Consequently, it is apparent that in moulding the lives of the young, the home has every opportunity over the school. The school has only four per cent of the child's time up to maturity while the home gets 96%.

We do not want to be captious. All we ask is that responsible agencies should be galvanized into preventing youth from breaking off their moorings. Writes, Mr. V. San Pedro of the FEATI:

*"To remedy these malfections, the root of all this evil must be cut off. Since the family is the closest society to these downtrodden ones the remedy must necessarily start from it and it must infuse in the hearts and minds of the youth their chief responsibilities. Parents must instruct them properly in their relationship towards others. Religious societies and educational institutions must work hand in hand with the family. Their teaching must stimulate the minds of the youth towards the noble ideas and higher aspirations. When this is done they can fittingly claim they have never failed in their duties and obligations towards the hope of the fatherland.*

Latest jink to emerge from the teen-age alley is wall-writing. Our walls are never free from wall-carvings of such non-sense as "Lovers Gang, Rioters, Crashout Gangs, Blue Boys, Green Boys (until now I have not seen a blue or a green boy) and Rock'n'Rollers" (a by-product of Bill Haley's Comets). Teen-agers might think it a lot of fun, but, frankly, we don't.

Enough of this teener talk. We have to pack our baggage, too. It's vacation time. See you later, Allig—ah, but that's "Teenage."

# The MONKEY wrench

by Ross Escobar

The man's room got a new face-lifting recently with the addition of a mirror. Some honest gentleman who couldn't help admiring his mein on the glass was heard to murmur, "You handsome you!"

Lady teachers have ways of greeting one another on their birthdays. They remind us that ages must be kept a secret among them although occasionally something crops up that shows some edges around milady's wrinkles. For example, Len Borromeo sweetly consoled Charing Rodil on the latter's birthday: "I don't have to ask you for your age, Chor. I am pretty sure it will never pass mine."...

An informant tells us that he witnessed this drama and he swears that it is true. At a doctor's office, patients went out crying, holding their stomachs, covering their mouths and making general gestures of insufferable pains. An old man, waiting for his turn to be treated, stood up and went out of the clinic door. "I guess I'll just go home and die a natural death," he sighed.

Then there was a man so dumb that when his brain was taken out, it was a minor operation.

It seems that in a dance floor a man was heard to remark to his lady fair that if her grace was tired dancing would she care to sit down and indulge in some tete-a-tete? The rejoinder was, "Goodness, no, after what I've eaten I couldn't possibly have anything else."

The University's mentors publish their own "Jottings" which are distributed among themselves. Doc Tacing Solon missed his and gravely asked for his copy of the "Faculty Jokings". Some se-

rious teacher remarked that the Doc's pronunciation was not up to par.

The school's photographer was heard once to say to a scowling woman: "Please, lady, look pleasant for a moment, and then you can resume your natural looks afterwards."

In a party given by one of the local coeds, one avid record collector observed that a popular son is never popular after it is sung by any of the striving groan and grunt artists.

An irate head of the family kindly informed us that his son had been begging him for a gun. To which the generous man replied: "As long as I'm head of this family, you won't have a gun." The son came unexpectedly with: "And if I have a gun, you won't be the head of this family."

The reason given by one art lecturer for people's eagerness to hang pictures is their failure to find the artist.

A mutual friend was with us one night, telling us of his success as a writer. "I have sold my watch, coat and ring to the editor," he wailed, "but I have never sold him my manuscript."

*Conscience and reputation are two different things. Conscience is due to yourself, reputation to your neighbor.*

—ST. AUGUSTINE

## LIBRARY NEWS

### SEE RISE IN LIBRARY USERS

Despite the transfer of engineering students to their new library in the former Boys' High School building, an increase in the number of students who are patronizing the main library has been noticed. Library authorities take special significance on this rise as a sign of growing interest among students to make use of the facilities afforded them.

More developments in the library are the transfer of the law library from the ground to the second floor and the enlargement of the reading room for faculty members, made possible by moving the bindery section to the ground floor.

Meanwhile, library collections are keeping pace with the increase of library customers. Filipiniana collections keep pouring into the library shelves. Among the precious ones are "A Collection of Voyages and Travels" before the year 1700, printed in England in 1904, which took special mention of the Philippine Islands, and "Harper's History of the War in the Philippines" characterized by detailed descriptions and page-sized illustrations.

### MICROPRINT READER NOW AT LIBRARY

A modern invention in the art of reading has been acquired by the library just recently. It is the Microprint Reader used to read microprint editions. Now in the library is a set of microprint editions which is a collection of works and translations concerning the Philippines, edited by Blair and Robertson. The whole edition is equivalent to 55 volumes of an ordinary book edition. But it is all contained in a small tin box, 5½ by 3½ by 3½ inches in dimension, in this edition. The box is filled with small cards, 3 by 5 inches per card representing 60 to 104 pages of an ordinary book.

● *You cannot prevent the birds of sorrow from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.*

— CHINESE PROVERB

## RECENT BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

1. "WE DIE ALONE", by David Armine Howarth.  
The story of what happened to a Norwegian, Jan Baalarud, who in the spring of 1943 was the only one of a group of twelve saboteurs to escape the Nazis.
2. "GRANDFATHER STORIES", by Samuel Hopkins Adams.  
Here is a social history spiced with character, incident, and humor. Here are stories to support Mr. Adams' contention that while life today is easier than in the old days it isn't half so much fun. Here, in short are both Mr. Adamses at their best.
3. "AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS", by Rumer Godden.  
This is a deft, amusing, and touching story of a London neighborhood where wealth adjoins poverty... It is a novel which results lightly on the yearnings of childhood and the dreams of the unworlly.
4. "HANNIBAL OF CARTHAGE", by Mary Dalan.  
A historical novel giving a first-person narrative of Hannibal's career. The main events are from recorded history, but they are amplified with fiction and conjecture. An easy way to review some of the history you have learned — and forgotten!
5. "AFTER YOU, MARCO POLO", by Jean Bowie Shor.  
An engaging tale of travel to Central Asia written with sensitivity and humor. With illustrations.
6. "WORLDWIDE COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA ACTIVITIES", by Frank Bowen Evans.  
Based upon unpublished materials and eyewitness reports obtained from United States government representatives and correspondents abroad. An eye-opening book.
7. "TIGER OF THE SNOWS: the Autobiography of Tenzing of Everest", by Tenzing Norgay.  
"Tiger of the Snows" tells much more than how the highest mountain was conquered. It is the story of the man who brought his tribe to the attention of the world.
8. "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST TREASURY".  
An anthology of literary contributions that go back more than half a century in time. It is a generous, richly loaded slice of Americana... Includes many of the Post's cover pages from 1899 to 1951.
9. "MODERN PRINTS AND DRAWINGS", by Paul Joseph Sachs.  
Covers the creative history of prints and drawings from the time of David, Goya, Delacroix... to that of the mid-twentieth century in Europe, the United States, and Mexico. For the lovers of art amongst us.
10. "THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE", by Harrison Scott Brown.  
An inquiry concerning the condition of man in the years that lie ahead.
11. "THE LIFE AND ART OF ALBRECHT DÜRER", by Erwin Panofsky.  
Here is the life, the times, the works of that extraordinary artist, whose genius bridged the difficult transition from medieval to Renaissance art.
12. "MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN," by Marguerite Yourcenar.  
A historical novel based on the life of the Emperor Hadrian, in the form of a letter to his adopted grandson, later Emperor Marcus Aurelius. A best seller in U.S.A.
13. "THE JUNGLE BOOKS," by Rudyard Kipling.  
Rudyard Kipling's persuasive genius for describing realistically and sympathetically the jungle world, and the strange animals which live in it, is again revealed in these delightful stories.
14. "THE SCHOLAR ADVENTURERS", by Richard Daniel Altick.  
About literary forgeries and mystifications — findings from literary research.
15. "SIGNS AND SYMBOLS IN CHRISTIAN ART," by George Ferguson.  
There is no comparable guide in English to the profoundly beautiful symbolism of Christian Art. A knowledge of this symbolism, will enhance the appreciation and enjoyment of the great treasures of museums and churches. Beautifully illustrated from paintings by outstanding Renaissance artists.
16. "THE GOLDEN ARGOSY: the most celebrated short stories in the English language", edited by Van H. Cartmell & Charles Grayson.  
A magnificent assemblage of fiction masterpieces.

SINCE JUNE a course in Indian Philosophy has been taught in the Graduate School and I am amazed not only at the interest the students show in it, but also at the amount of study they dedicate to it and the fruitful discussions that originate from the clash of ideas. Moreover, we discover time and again a congruency or a similarity both in concepts as well as in the way of reasoning between Indians and Filipinos. This may give us some thoughts for further study and the professors of Philosophy in general and of Indian Philosophy in particular may find a fruitful field for research concerning Oriental thinking. I want to present to you under the heading of "Indian Philosophers" some prolific thinkers of the ancient times of Indian Philosophy to acquaint us with the topmen in this field just as we have be-

wealth of the kings and the people consisted largely of cattle by the thousands. Cattle was the richness and the money by means of which they could buy whatever they wanted. Cattle was also the desired item of every one of those nomadic herders. We meet Yajñavalkya the first time at the royal court of Janaka of Videha where the king promises a thousand heads of cattle with horns covered with gold to him who solves the question he would put up. Yajñavalkya, intending to solve the problem and cocksure of his insight, says: "Servant, bring those thousand cattle to my house. This characterises the man: certain of his all-surpassing knowledge and his greed for wealth.

But another trait of character we may detect in his personality, is that he is a thinker and a man who lives for knowledge and for truth.

a role in the Mahabharata. This epic poem narrates of the battle between the cousins: the Kurus and the Pandus.

We know, moreover, from the texts that he was a cattle raiser and that he had two wives, Maitreyi and Katyayani. The first was learned and had interest in higher things; the second was only acquainted with the things that belong to the household.

As far as the texts show, Yajñavalkya was first a ritualist and belonged to that school of thought that believed all problems of this earth could be solved by means of rites and sacrifices. He believed that the world was governed by all kinds of powers, or some powerful personalities—the devas. But later on he taught that karma is not rite and sacrifice but the effect that has to follow man's deeds with dead-certainty. This effect of man's deeds forces us to be reborn again so that in this new life the effect may have its course.

Still later he instructed his disciples that not even karma is the sole solution of all this life's problems but the unity of atman-brahman, the unity of the soul of this microcosmos with the unity of brahman or soul of the macrocosmos. Where the atman was united with the brahman all problems cease to exist and the absolute unity heils all different personalities. In this psychic and cosmic unity complete bliss and happiness is enjoyed by the only-one (ekam) that truly exists. Yajñavalkya is so important that his ideas will later be the leading thoughts of all Indian philosophy.

About his deeds and the happenings of his life, about his children or even his death, nothing has come to us. He is the giant of thought and we know his mentality and trend of thinking. The rest is of no importance to the Indians where personal life disappears behind the mental stature of the man concerned. #

## 1. YAJÑAVALKYA

come acquainted more or less with the lives and stories of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, Suárez, and Duns Scotus, Kant and Heidegger, Sartre and Péroire, Gabriel Marcel and Roeymakers.

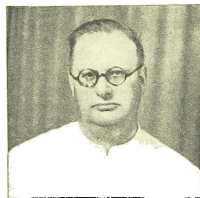
Yajñavalkya was and is the greatest among Indian philosophers of the ancient times. The earliest period of Indian Thinking is called the Vedic period, and Yajñavalkya was living specifically in the Upanisadic section of this Vedic Age. He was Brahmin by birth and mentality, but not less an Aryan of those old pastoral nomadic days. The Indians had settled down already after their treks from South Russia via Kayber Pass and had conquered by that time the Indus Valley and great sections of the Ganges valley and the Madhya Pradesh—the midlands—as it can be rightly translated. The first Aryan kingdoms had come into being and their kings were interested in the problems of life and death. The

Though not for truth alone, his ambitions are first of all to know the truth and the background of problems and the solutions to them.

Again, another trait of character in Yajñavalkya is his will and lust for power. He acquired such a magical power in his knowledge that the heads burst into a thousand pieces of those that opposed him and were not willing to give in; but always is stated about him: "he saw intuitively the highest and the deepest, the first and ultimate principle of everything." This is man's mental picture I am able to give you from the texts of the Upanisads. What do we know about his life story? He was the son of a priest, as his name indicates: "the son of the man that wears a sacrificial garment made out of bark." He is mentioned as the greater teacher in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad and the satapathabrahmana and that implies that he lived around 800 B.C. in Kurusland that played

# Section •

Conducted by:



Rev. Cornelius van der Linden  
S.V.D.  
Dean, Graduate School

**T**HE ANCESTORS of the present Bagobo tribe, living in the jungles of Mindanao, were once ruled by Datu Duli. He got the name *duli*, meaning thorn, because he had always been a source of trouble to his enemies. Datu Duli's wife presented him with an heir after a few years of her husband's reign. His subjects rejoiced, and the infant son was named *Dulia* which meant little thorn. However, the people did not know that the Great Spirit had appeared before their datu telling him that his son

On the ninth day a small mist appeared over the grave of *Dulia*. The mist grew larger and larger until the grave was entirely covered. Then slowly the mist took the form of a tall and stately tree with a luxuriant foliage heavily laden with strange fruits. Datu Duli was the first one to taste a fruit; the people followed. They noticed that the skin was thin and that the seeds were small. The flesh, however, was milky in texture and very delicious. The people were very happy in the thought that the Great

to the *dulian* tree. When the light fade away, the attractive fruits were

## THE ORIGIN OF THE DULIAN

by: SUSANA C. MABATAD

would live only for nineteen years.

As years went by *Dulia* grew to loved all his people. He treated the rich and the lowly alike. However, the time came when the words of the Great Spirit had to be fulfilled. So the young handsome and strapping young man fell sick of a strange malady which puzzled all the learned native medicine men. His father just kept silent. He had no courage to tell the truth. At the verge of death *Dulia* called for his father. He asked him to bury his body under his mother's peephole and later on offer prayers to the Great Spirit. (It should be noted that Bagobo houses have no windows. Instead, there are peepholes through which strangers may be watched from within.) Soon *Dulia* died. When the news of his death spread among his people, everybody wept. The loyal subjects came to the datu's house to take a last look at *Dulia*'s face. Then the body was buried.

Spirit had given them a remembrance of their beloved *Dulia*.

By then Datu Duli was already old. At that time, a traitor, the wicked Sankalan, rose from the ranks of the slaves. He secretly envied the datu's wealth and power. He plotted against Datu Duli and finally overthrew him. As soon as Sankalan was in power he raided and plundered the neighboring Bilaan and Manobo tribes.

The Great Spirit was a silent witness to Sankalan's evil deeds. Finally the Great Spirit was so angered that he unleashed lightning all over the earth. A deafening rumbling sound followed by an explosion rent the atmosphere. When the disturbance terminated, a bright light enveloped the tree that grew over *Dulia*'s grave—the people had at time called it the *dulian* tree in honor of *Dulia*.

The people, including Sankalan, went to investigate what happened

gone. They had been replaced with thorny ones. The thorns were bigger and longer than the thorns of the *rimas* (breadfruit). Sankalan who beheld the transformation became angry. He put up and shook his two balled fists in protest and defiance. He cursed and finally uttered a blood-curdling battle cry. Sankalan's challenge was answered by a hail of *dulian* fruits over his body. And when the fruits stopped falling Sankalan was dead. His skull was cracked and his body was badly mutilated. Then the people knew that the Great Spirit had punished Sankalan.

The people were curious, so they opened one of the fruits. They saw that skin had become thick and the seeds were much larger, but the flesh was as delicious as ever. They also noticed that the fruit smelled like decaying matter.

Thus originated the first *dulian* tree. ‡

## • Editorial

### "La Mies Es Mucha Pero Los Operarios Son Pocos"

*DOS IDEAS* acudieron a nuestra mente al leer estas palabras del Señor: "la mies es mucha pero los operarios son pocos."

La primera idea fue: muchas son las almas que todavía caminan por las sendas del error sin conocer a Cristo, y fuera de los auspicios de la Iglesia Católica. Por lo tanto, hacen falta misioneros que las instruyan y sacerdotes que las dirijan. Y, ¿como remediar esta falta de operarios en la viña del Señor? Rogando a Dios para que con su dulce llamada aumente el número de nuestros sacerdotes.

La segunda idea fue: nada hay mejor que la buena prensa para llevar la verdad a la mente; y por consiguiente la necesidad de buenos escritores para llenar las columnas de nuestra sección Castellana es también inminente. El campo es grande, la semilla es mucha, pero ¿dónde están los operarios que contribuyen con su trabajo a llenar estas columnas? Pedimos pues encarecidamente a todos que se animen, no solo los estudiantes de Castellana sino también a todos aquellos que estudian en San Carlos y que sientan algo de interés por la lengua de Cervantes, que fué la lengua en que escribió nuestro heroe: "Rosal!" Animense, repetimos, a escribir pequeños artículos y cuentos en Castellano para nuestra Revista, y haciéndolo así, guiados los estudiantes por sus profesores e instructores progresarán en el arte de escribir bien.

Estas dos ideas que hemos expuesto han confirmado nuestros deseos de que aumente el número de escritores católicos y el número de escritores para la sección Castellana de nuestra Revista.

● Por ABE TUIBEO ●

## SECCION

### Plegarias de Un Peregrino

Oh Madre de los cielos, estrella matutina  
Que recreas las noches, mis noches de dolor,  
Escucha esta plegaria, mi canción peregrina  
Que vibra con los rítmicos acentos de mi amor.

Acude a esta barquilla, errante de mi alma  
Que ya casi vacila en un mar de amargura;  
Las fuertes tempestades de las pasiones calma  
Y aligérame el peso de tanta desventura.

Dirige el barco frágil hacia el puerto dichoso,  
A lo siento me llama la corona inmortal;  
Se tú de mi existencia el faro luminoso  
Para hallar esplendente la mansion celestial.

Mas cuando en el abismo me vieres naufragar,  
Cual viajero perdido sin puerto, sin sosten,  
Acude presuroso mi barca a remediar,  
Y llévame en tus brazos hasta el soñado Eden.

Si Tú eres el alivio de todos los dolores  
De los que en el naufragio oyense gemir;  
Madre querida . . . amor de mis amores  
Déjame ya en tu pecho recostado dormir!

### Plegaria de Un Poeta

No te marches, Musa, porque en tu canto  
Todavía bebo la inspiración;  
A tu voz, aunque ya he padecido tanto  
Despertará vivo mi triste corazón!

No se que encanto de dulce tormento  
Pusiste tu en la copa de mi vida;  
Pur ti yo vivo y siento,  
Y canta mi alma, por tu amor herida.

Seguiré dondequiera que voyas  
Tus pasos, cual siervo fiel y fuerte;  
Quiero murar en tus divinas playas  
Y contigo gozar hasta la muerte.

Mas, ¡oh! que desfallezo entre las espinas  
De esta vida de continuo llorar!  
Llévame pues en tus alas divinas  
A tu cielo donde pueda cantar.

## El Santo Rosario: Barometro de Nuestra Religion

● Por AMABLE G. TUIBEO

**N**O HAY devoción más universal y popular en la Iglesia Católica que el rezo del Santo Rosario. En todas partes del mundo y dondequiera que la Madre Iglesia ha extendido su sombría protectora se encuentra dicha devoción. Los poderosos y los humildes, los sabios y los rústicos, en las ciudades y en los pueblos en los barrios y en las aldeas se reza con devoción el Santo Rosario, porque en la meditación de sus misterios los creyentes encuentran alivio a sus pesares y fuerza espiritual.

La tradición atribuye a Santo Domingo la introducción de esta devoción. Cuando los albiguenses amenazaban al Iglesia Santo Domingo fué encargado por el Papa de la predicación contra los errores de la herejía naciente; mas convencido de la debilidad de los esfuerzos humanos, apeló a la Virgen Santísima. La Reina Celestial se le apareció y le dió el Santo Rosario, como el único instrumento para contrarestar el avance de los albiguenses. Desde entonces comenzó a propagarse esta devoción que consiguió la conversión de muchos herejes.

Más tarde cuando la espada musulmana pendía sobre la Cristianidad se recurrió también al Santo Rosario. La victoria de Lepanto, como muchos dicen, se debió a esta devoción. Para conmemorar esta victoria de los cristianos contra los turcos se declaró Octubre el mes del Santo Rosario. La Virgen Santísima se ha complacido con la institución de esta devoción en toda la Iglesia y esto se pruebe con el hecho de que en muchas de sus apariciones la

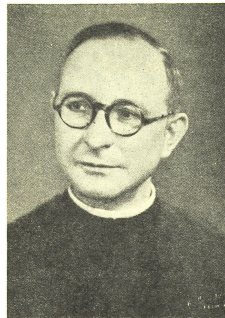
Santísima Virgen tenía en Sus manos el Santo Rosario.

Los Romanos Pontífices en sus Encíclicas han insistido sobre el rezo del Santo Rosario en los momentos de peligro para la Cristianidad. Nuestra Era no es menos peligrosa y amenazadora para la Iglesia que lo era el tiempo de Sto. Domingo y del poderío musulmán. Hoy, más que nunca Satanás y sus seguidoras vagan por el mundo para arruinar a las almas con los conocidos *ismos*, *modernismo*, *materialismo*, *comunismo* y *ateísmo*. Todos ellos están en guerra abierta contra la Iglesia. Si, tanta es ya la Osadía del mundo moderno, tanto el furor de estos impíos que combaten los dogmas, procurando suprimir y borrar toda idea de Dios.

Y así como el Santo Rosario contrarestró la herejía y libró a toda Europa de los fanáticos turcos en la edad pasada, así también en nuestros días, la Virgen de Fátima reveló en Sus apariciones, que el rezo del Santo Rosario es y será el único medio para combatir la actual tendencia sácnica de materializar y paganizar la civilización moderna. Durante este mes de Octubre especialmente debemos rezar el Santo Rosario con devoción ferviente, porque no debemos olvidar lo que acabamos de probar en esta columna y que la Santísima Virgen dijo que la paz y conversión del mundo dependen del Santo Rosario, arma poderosa contra el poderío satánico y por ello, repito que el Santo Rosario es el Barómetro de Nuestra Religión. Todo buen católico debe practicar diariamente la devoción del Santo Rosario. ‡

### USC NEWS

(Continued from page 31)



Rev. Rudolph Rahman, S.V.D.  
Professor at the Fribourg

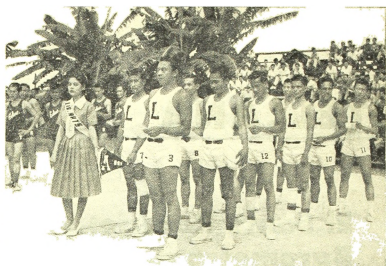
### EX-DEAN OF GRAD. SCHOOL NOW PROF. AT FRIBOURG U.

Rev. Fr. Rudolph Rohmann, S.V.D., former Dean of the USC Graduate School, is now main professor in Ethnology at the Fribourg University in Switzerland. Besides being a Professor, he is also the Editor of the *Anthropos*, an International Review of Ethnology and Linguistics.

### PORTIA CLUB OFFICERS INDUCTED

The Portia Club of the College of Law, University of San Carlos, held its induction and pinning ceremony on the evening of September 14, 1956, at the University's Audio Visual Room. The officers inducted were: Miss Esperanza A. Abellano, President; Miss Catalina Borromeo, Vice-President; Miss Glenda Sia, Secretary; Miss Belle Dolalas, Treasurer, and Miss Elsie Jane Veloso, P.R.O. The members are: Teresita Carreon, Rosa Castillo, Amelia Cimarranca, Conchita Limbaga, Prosperidad Lumayag, Jesusa Montejó, Maria Monina Sanchez, Catalina Sayson, Mamerta Valderama.

The induction and pinning ceremony was presided over by Rev. Fr. Ernest Hoerdemann, Guest of Honor of the Club. He made a short inspiring speech which was followed by Atty. Jesus P. Garcia's fiery one. Atty. Garcia is the Adviser of the Club.



### FOCUS ON THE CHAMPS...

**A** SPLENDID performance was displayed by the Engineering Marauders when they copped the much-coveted **First Round** title via four straight wins as the intramural curtain rang down at the new USC hardcourt.

While the Engineering boys were celebrating their complete victory, the hard-driving Liberal Arts White Shirts spearheaded by **Genobatin**, satisfied themselves with the second berth after meeting their lone but fatal setback at the hands of the Engineers.

The powerful and star-studded Marauders fought like true lords of the court; they fought like they were a bunch of die-hard warriors who preferred to conquer than be conquered. This made them a real team, a formidable one.

**Singa Go's** mentorship paid off when his Marauders gave the stubborn Commerce team a 55-27 drubbing in one of the twinbill offerings during the grand opening. The Comerciantes made a fine showing at

### • The Intramurals . . .

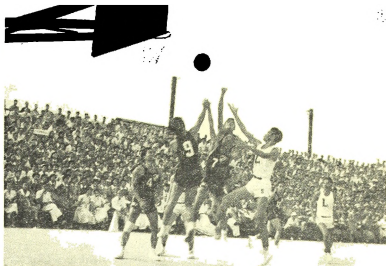
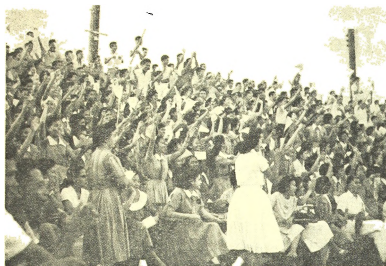
# Engineering-Architecture Hopmen Capture First Round Gonfalon

**LIBERAL ARTS WHITE SHIRTS  
GRAB 2nd LEAD**

by Gregg Andres







the start and it was not until the second half that they saw the sign of defeat. The Engineering quintet played under inspired cheering from the bleachers and proved to be a red-hot team.

Fans which jampacked the bleachers to capacity during the opening saw the Quo Warranto cagers, the Barristers, making a first half avalanche but later bowing to the highly-spirited LA White Shirts in what was considered the most thrilling game of the day. The Barristers, who were pre-game favorites, lacked stamina against the aggressive White Shirts. The score was 43-39 at whistle time.

In their second encounter, the Engineering team powered by **Mejia** and the combined razzle-dazzle of **Jakosalem**, **Labitan** and **Nemez**, won a hard-earned victory against the Barristers, 44-40.

Showing accurate shooting business, the Engineers established the highest team score in the whole

tournament with 93 points against the darkhorse Education hoopsters who scored 51 points. This broke the 82-point binge of the Liberal Arts team when it collided with the Education hoopsters.

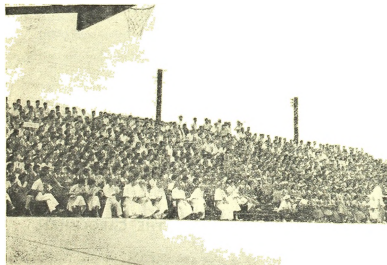
The rejuvenated Law cagers, paced by **Canton**, trounced the Comerciantes by a hairline margin, 42-41, strengthening their bid for third place. Piloted by **Codina**, the Commerce team which was in a revengeful mood, subdued the pitiful Education Maestros by a 10-point gap at buzzer time, 63-53.

A real game of champions ensued between the two undeleted teams, the Liberal Arts and the Engineering. The strongly-favored Marauders composed of **Mejia**, **Labitan**, **Nemez**, **Jakosalem** and **Pacio** blasted the White Shirts, 43-35, to topple the strong combination of **Genobatin**, **Mah**, **Paciencia**, **Pabroa** and **Yap**. The White Shirts took the first lead with **Mah** breaking the ice with a jump shot from the foul area. A red-hot **Paciencia** flipped from the

side, and **Pacio** registered with a lay-up, followed by **Sereña** whose jumpshot lengthened the Marauders' lead to 6 points, 8-2, early in the first setto. At the end of the first half, the scoreboard gave a 24-10 reading for the Whites.

A combination of **Mejia**, **Longakit** and **Jakosalem**, ruined the White Shirts' aim for the cup. Several field conversions by **Jakosalem** and **Longakit** gave the Marauders the upperhand in the final canto. After **Labitan** converted a charity throw to knot the count at 30 all, there ensued three deadlocks before **Nemez** pushed the Engineering team ahead by two points, 33-35. A series of interceptions, backboard work and superb guarding rang the death knell of the Liberal Arts team during the closing minutes. A back-twisting double-decker sawed up the game for the Engineers, 45-35.

Second-round supremacy will be the bone of contention next semester when the four teams meet to fight out the cup.



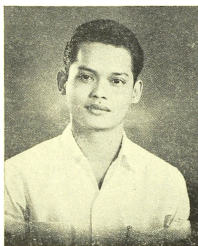
# What Do You Think About The Practice of Hazing?

(Continued from page 20)

can turn young prospective soldiers into semi-invalids. This is the horrible effect of hazing. And what would the poor parents feel when, instead of expecting to see their son succeed, they should find him a helpless and hopeless invalid?

"If hazing is indispensable for imposing discipline, courage, patience, perseverance and other desirable qualities expected of a neophyte, it must be so conducted that no harm should be inflicted upon him."

● **FROILAN V. QUIJANO**, College of Liberal Arts, says: "Hazing is not bad, but I am of the opinion that it should not be tolerated. If the aim of hazing is to test the loyalty and enduring spirit of a neophyte, then hazing has a noble purpose and, as such, it should be encouraged. But is this the case nowadays? No, sir, certainly not. If you seek membership in a fraternity nowadays, you are hazed—and brutally at that—not because your loyalty and sincerity are being tested, but because your "master" was once upon a time also brutally hazed. Your "master" is a vengeful sadist.



Froilan V. Quijano

"I once got a sockin' on my stomach so why shouldn't I sock you? This seems to be the 'batter' of the masters (especially the new ones). And the poor neophyte has to offer an 'open city' on his supposed-to-be-delicate stomach. And if a neophyte survives the ordeal of physical torture, he has but one thing in his mind: revenge! Consequently, when he becomes a master, too, he'll do the same.

"Such is the twist of hazing these

days. Its noble aim of promoting and testing the loyalty and initiative of would-be members is now gone with the wind. In its stead comes a new and distorted aim: hazing for revenge and hazing for fun!

"Hazing is not bad if its proper aim and spirit should be carried out. There's nothing wrong with it if it should not be associated with physical and brutal torture. But this can never be avoided now since this has become a habit and a tradition. That is why I am of the opinion that hazing should be discouraged if not totally stopped."



Milagros V. Broce

● **MILAGROS V. BROCE**, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences, says: "I do not favor the practice of hazing. A neophyte cannot derive anything beneficial to himself or to the organization from such a practice. To undergo hazing is to admit inferiority which has no place to exist in any group of right-thinking persons. Past incidents show the terrible consequences of hazing. If I may say so, it should be stopped because it only inflames individual differences and fails to achieve the harmony that should bind the members."

## NEW LINK IN THE CHAIN

Capt. Romero, when interviewed, expressed profuse appreciation for Major Garcia, "without whom our continuous success would not have been possible. The cooperation of the cadet corps and the ever-active interest of the administration in all activities of the cadets have also greatly insured the success of this school." He says he just "plays his bit in the development of concerns which help the Commandment and the Administration."

The Captain has been through a lot of jobs. His past accomplishments are worth crowing about but this man modestly shies from mentioning any of them. Yet, looking at the man himself, his work and his standing with the administration and the officers of his own Department, there is no doubt but that he is equal to the work at hand and endeavors to solve trying matters to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Carolinian is proud to present Capt. Liberato Romero, USC ROTC's new Liaison Officer, and Assistant Commandant of this school.



Rosenda M. Baguio

● **ROSENDA M. BAGUIO**, College of Commerce, says: "Hazing and initiation are good if they are constructive. By constructive I mean that something tangible, something good, should come out of them. The benefit must far outweigh the harm that is after elicited."

"My personal observation of this practice has rewarded me with the conclusion that our type of initiation does not do anybody any good. What, for instance, is to be gained by having the neophyte serenade a designated lady or drink three or more bottles of soft drinks of varied kinds at a time, or commanding him to roll over the pavement repeatedly. These do not do any good to anybody, much less to the organization itself.

"Instead, it would be better if the applicant is made to clean a definite portion of a city street, or sweep the university premises, or plant cactuses and useful trees over our barren hills and mountain tops, or clean our dirty and clogged canals, our public market place, or assign them to help watch the traffic. These, I think, should be the proper tests of one's fitness to be a member of a sorority or fraternity."

(Continued from page 32)

## • Guest Editorial

by Marcelo Bacalso

THE ROSARY is the most special and most salutary devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It honors her relation to Christ whose life is the subject of the meditations.

The term *rosary* (from the Latin *rosarium*) means wreath of flowers. As a special devotion the rosary is a spiritual wreath each prayer of which is offered to the Blessed Virgin.

A powerful prayer to obtain the grace of God, the Rosary has been the means by which miraculous aid has been obtained through the in-

tercession of God's mother. In the thirteenth century heresy raged fiercely in southern France and northern Italy. The Pope then charged St. Dominic with the task of refuting the heretical doctrines. Even after exerting a great deal of effort, St. Dominic saw very little results so he prayed to the Blessed Virgin and used the rosary as a method. His campaign became a complete success. From that time on this manner of prayer was met wonderfully, published abroad and developed by St. Dominic whom different Supreme Pontiffs have in their apostolic letters declared to be the author of the same devotion.

A summary of the most important parts of the Gospels, the rosary is the most useful and powerful prayer which spelled the Catholics' victory over the Mohammedan Turks in the decisive battle at Lepanto in 1571 and in the deliverance of Vienna from these barbarians in 1683. It was in thanksgiving for these victories over these enemies of the Catholic Faith that the Pope instituted the feast of the Holy Rosary on the first Sunday of October.

In 1646, the Dutch marauders prowled in Philippine waters. The Philippines' fate was at stake for the heretics of a far more superior force planned to set up a Protestant monarchy in the Islands. Field Marshall Lorenzo de Ugalde Orellana and Admiral Sebastian Lopez commanded the fleet whose Patroness was Nuestra Señora del Rosario (Our Lady of the Holy Rosary), and met the enemy fleet of five ships off the coast of Bolinao. Fighting gallantly and trusting in the intercessory power of the Blessed Virgin, the Filipino-Spanish force, despite the Dutch's numerical superiority, emerged triumphant. Hence, the Philippines was saved from the clutches of a Protestant monarchy.

The saint of all saints, the Blessed Virgin is our most powerful intercessor. Thus Edgar Allan Poe, though not of the Catholic fold, did not disdain to invoke the Blessed Virgin's intercession, and to acknowledge the influence of her patronage in heaven. In these touching lines the great poet says:

"At morn — at noon — at twilight  
dim —

In joy and woe—good and ill—  
Mother of God, be with me still!

When the hours flew brightly by,  
And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
My soul, lest it should truant be,  
Thy grace did guide to thine and  
thee;

Now, when storms of fate o'ercast  
Darkly my present and my past,  
Let my future radiant shine,  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine."

Christian should honor the Blessed Virgin and recite her prophecy: "... ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes... (for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed). So William Wordsworth, though not reared in the bosom of the Catholic Church, proclaims the Blessed Virgin's incomparable blessedness in the following beautiful lines:



Mother! whose virgin bosom was  
uncrossed

With the least shade of thought to  
sin allied;

Woman! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
Purer than foam on central ocean  
toast;

Brighter than eastern skies at  
daybreak strewn

With fancied roses, than the  
unblemished

Before her wane begins on heaven's  
blue coast,

Thy image falls to earth. Yet some,  
I ween,

Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee  
might bend

All that was missed and reconciled  
in thee

Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with  
serene."

October is the month of the Holy Rosary and every sincere lover of our Lord Jesus Christ looks with reverence and affection for his Blessed Mother Virgin Mary, the Christians' most powerful intercessor, the saint of all saints. True Christians honor her with the "wreath of spiritual flowers," and recite the ever-living prophecy, "... ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes..."

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